

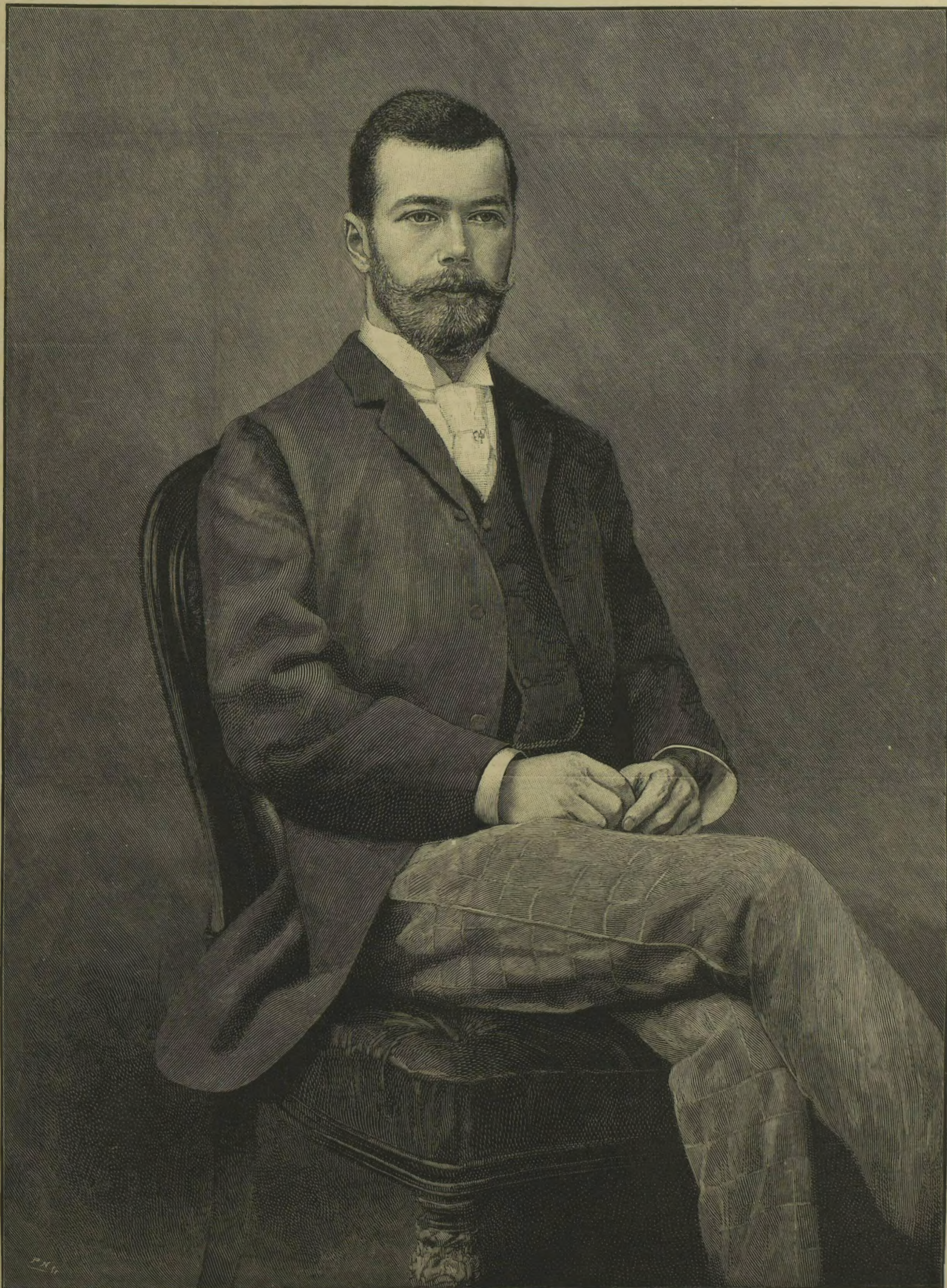
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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WITH SIXTEEN-PAGE SUPPLEMENT: **SIXPENCE.**  
THE LATE CZAR OF RUSSIA. } By Post, 6½d.



*Photo by W. and D. Downey.*

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY NICHOLAS II., THE NEW CZAR OF RUSSIA.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The passage of arms between Mr. Gilbert and his Countess is as good "business" in the way of humour as anything in his delightful plays. I am not quite so sure as has been taken for granted that Mr. Gilbert's charge of twenty guineas for an interview was intended for a joke: he might have meant it as a prohibitory price, but he might also have seriously declined to submit to what to most people is rather a disagreeable operation, under that not (to a person of his earnings) very gigantic figure. As to the lady, however lacking in good taste may have been her remark about his obituary, it was certainly not wanting in smartness; while her allusion to her solicitor—*que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*—was really capital. There is a certain humour hangs about obituaries as about all mournful subjects, and especially such as are written beforehand. If we could look in the desks of our newspaper editors we should find a good many of these compositions, the use of which has not yet been found. The writers have long been dead, but the subjects of their remarks still remain with us, and when they do go will require a longish tag to what has been said about them. These little commissions are sometimes entrusted to personal friends of the about-to-be-deceased, who are thus enabled to give him the tribute he deserves, with no little advantage to their finances. Still, there is to my mind something ghastly in this literary undertaking business. My friends Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins happened at the same time to be in very delicate health, and I well remember receiving a handsome offer from across the Atlantic for a "cheerful obituary" of both those eminent novelists; an invitation, however, which I declined. I was mentioning the fact to a well-known journalist the other day, especially dwelling upon the word "cheerful." "Oh!" he said, "that is the word usually employed on such occasions: it was only the other day that I was asked to write a 'cheerful obituary' of—well, I forget just now of whom it was"—but so unusual a blush overspread his countenance, and so exceedingly hesitating suddenly became his manner, that I had no sort of doubt in my own mind that my future biographer stood before me.

Of the increasing popularity of whist the publication of two large volumes upon the subject in the same week is pretty good proof. One, called "The Whist-Table," has some interesting essays on the game by eminent hands; and one, by no means the least interesting, by a person of no eminence at all, who simply calls himself "An Inquirer." He has the hardihood to believe in the "luck" of certain whist-players, and to state his reasons, though he well understands that they will be met with ridicule. For my part, I honestly confess that, though theoretically there may be no such thing as a lucky card-player, I have known several in the flesh: persons whose good fortune is inexplicable upon any ground, and to whom luck has stuck for years and still continues to stick. I would rather play against him with an unlucky man who is a better performer, because I am not a slave to superstition; but in my heart of hearts I know what will come of it—we shall be beaten. "I see an explanation," says Inquirer, "how it is that muffs win. If they did not win they would give up the game, which as an intellectual entertainment can be of no amusement to them. The bad players that lose retire from the contest; the good players that lose have become so engrossed with the game that they do not dream of retiring from the unprofitable combat, and the consequence is that the lucky and unlucky good players remain to meet only the lucky bad players." This is one of those subjects upon which personal experience, though overborne by science, remains of the same opinion still.

The other volume on the same subject, "English Whist and English Whist-Players," by Mr. Courtney, is of quite a different kind. It is not a treatise or a history, but a very pleasant collection of anecdotes of the game, from early times down to the present, told in an excellent manner. Chapters are given to the various professions that have delighted in it (some of its greatest admirers being, of course, the clergy), and there is not a dull line among them. If the stories are old they are new to me, and will be so to the great majority of readers, and the same may be said of the interesting facts with which they are studied. How few will know, for example, that Deschâpelles, the greatest whist-player the world has ever seen, had but one hand, or that that very fashionable personage was an advanced Republican? "His manual dexterity was remarkable, and it was very interesting to watch him with his one hand—and that his left—collect the cards, sort them, play them, and gather them in tricks." In spite of this disadvantage he was even an excellent billiard-player. "His father was Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Louis XVI.; his elder brother filled the same position in the Court of Charles X. Deschâpelles was of different views, and late in life, when he had developed into ardent Republicanism, he was supposed to have been mixed up in some of the attempts at revolution which broke out in the earlier days of the reign of Louis Philippe. His papers were seized, and it was proved that he had drawn up a list of persons to be disposed of. Among them was an elderly acquaintance, so described:

'Vatry (Alphie) to be guillotined. Reason—*citoyen inutile.*' Now, Vatry was a bad whist-player."

It is strange to read that a hundred years ago whist had become so popular on the Continent that there were tables placed in the opera boxes. Dr. Moore—father of Sir John—relates that he was never more astonished than when he was asked to take a hand in an opera box at Florence; he was assured that "good music increased the joy of good fortune, and soothed the affliction of bad." Horace Walpole, who always wanted to talk and to be listened to, hated the game; he said the Continent had adopted the two dullest productions of England—Richardson's novels and whist. The latter had "spread a universal opium over the nation" and "made courtiers and patriots sit down to the same pack of cards," a social harmony he seems to have regretted. Much better men than he have taken an opposite view of the matter, and especially the divines. The "Saintedly Keble," though he took to the game late in life, delighted in it, and calls it "a great step in old folks' education." Even the Scotch ecclesiastics could not resist its fascination, and though "Jupiter Carlyle was the first to play at cards at home with unlocked door, Robertson and Blair soon followed suit." There is a great deal, of course—and well worth reading—about high play in the volume; and as Mr. Courtney has modestly asked for any anecdote not comprised in it pertaining to the subject, I venture to offer him the following. I don't know whether it is true, but if not it ought to be. A speculative landlord and an equally speculative builder in district N.W. did a great deal of business together, mingled, however, with pleasure. They were passionately attached to double dummy, and played for as high stakes as the builder could afford. He generally won, however, and the stakes were gradually increased. "What points do you play?" a friend asked of him. "Oh, we have played all sorts of points, all in the brick and mortar line. Just now we play for street points, with a crescent on the rubber." Most of the district N.W. was said eventually to belong to that builder. As regards the asking for trumps, of which Mr. Courtney seems to disapprove, its introduction had at all events this advantage, that it made indifferent players careful of the order in which they played their cards. To those who do not think that whist is only intended for professors, this was surely an improvement. Some time ago at a country club my partner played an unnecessarily high card; I led him a trump, and found he didn't want it. "But you discarded first a six and then a five," I said. "Six and a five!" he answered; "well, you are hypercritical."

In the "Service of Angels," by the Master of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, we have a subject that is rarely treated by a college Don. It is not a book of sermons, but contains some interesting speculations upon those spiritual witnesses which in all ages have been supposed to hover unseen amongst us. Our author's view of the necessity of their existence is peculiar; without them, he thinks, there would be a waste of happiness. "If there are no heavenly beholders, then where human witnesses fail, as must be most commonly the case, the happiness of all little children and animals, as well as much of the happiness and goodness of grown people, is so far wasted that it soon passes out of mind, and fails to generate in others that joy or goodness which it was calculated to produce in spectators. But it is not like what we know of God's ways that any good should miss its mark: the candle that is lighted is not hidden away."

This idea seems a little fanciful, especially since in Holy Writ there are many allusions to angels, the existence of which seems to be taken for granted. No explanation is vouchsafed, because, perhaps, none was demanded: the fact was universally acquiesced in. "Nowhere," remarks our author, "do we find a word that can give colour to a belief in the possession by the angels of independent powers over nature or over men"; still, we are told they do not die, in which respect our own fellow-creatures who have "crossed the Bar" are compared with them. Our author speaks of the inadequacy with which painters have rendered angels, having nothing but human models to guide them, but one sees no reason why they should not be human, though immortal. The dear departed ones who have loved us seem the most proper persons for these angelic ministrations; who else can be supposed to take so near and personal an interest in us? "The angels must find it very dull, someone may say," remarks our author, "looking on everlastingly at the doings of commonplace people: take, for instance, that City clerk going on the same omnibus to the same office at the same hour every day. Now, I do not believe that angels are ever dull, which to some of us may seem strange; neither do I believe that they ever find any of God's creatures commonplace and uninteresting, and this may seem, perhaps, stranger still. Rather do I conjecture that, knowing what a dangerous trial a dull and monotonous life is, their spirits go forth in sympathetic succour to those who fight manfully against this particular influence, of the depressing weight of which few take proper account."

Still, the angel who would be least likely to find such service "dull," would surely be that City clerk's departed wife, whose love has survived death. There is the possibility,

of course, of such an angel being made very unhappy by her late spouse's "goings on," but for all we know it may be a part of the future punishment of us poor mortals to behold the ill-doings of those we have left behind us, without the power to avert them. It is a belief—or should we rather not say a conceit?—with some persons that directly the soul has left the body we become at once cognisant not only of our own faults and failings, but of those who are about us. In that strange poem, "Reflections of a Dead Body," the enfranchised spirit is made to say—

I feel warm drops falling upon my face;  
They reach me through the rapture of this cold.  
My wife! My love!—'tis for the best thou canst not  
Know how I know thee weeping, and how fond  
A kiss meets thine in these unowning lips.  
Ah! truly was my love what thou didst hope it,  
And more; and so was thine—I read it all—  
And our small feuds were but impatiences  
At seeing the dear truth ill understood.  
Poor sweet! thou blamest now thyself, and heapest  
Memory on memory of imagin'd wrong,  
As I should have done too—as all who love;  
And yet I cannot pity thee—so well  
I know the end, and how thou'lt smile hereafter.

Not a word is said in the "Service of Angels" about bad spirits, or rather they are put in an apologue, which is equivalent to ignoring them; but I think those of us who seem to be conscious of a good angel at our elbow are also quite as much aware of the presence of another of quite another colour. Our author objects to the notion of a guardian angel applying himself exclusively to the protection of an individual; the ministration he believes to be general, like that of a hospital nurse. I see no ground for his conclusion, but one would willingly give up the notion of a guardian angel if one could also free oneself from the idea of his opposite—some sinister and malignant spirit always on the watch to catch us trespassing and to accelerate our fall.

If St. Thomas Aquinas is to be believed, there are plenty of guardian angels to "go round" (which one would have feared would not be the case), and even to spare; for he says, "The angels are far more in number than are all the species or kinds of all the corporal creatures in the world."

The mission of Father Ivan to Livadia is very noteworthy: he was convinced from the efficacy of his ministrations that the Czar would recover. The ministers about Cromwell's death-bed had the same confidence, but the result showed it to be misplaced. A minister in Wesley's time gives us a curious account of his prayers for the King's recovery, and how immediately they were heard. "One of the most remarkable answers to prayer that I ever was witness of was at the time of his Majesty's sore affliction, about fifteen years ago, when I was stationed in the Leeds Circuit. We met together for prayer at nine o'clock in the morning, and again at twelve. At nine o'clock the Lord was graciously present with us, and we were blest with great enlargement of heart in prayer. But at twelve, in particular, we had a very extraordinary time indeed. Such a divine influence evidently rested upon all present as it is not easy to describe; such freedom of mind, such enlargement of heart, such power to plead and to wrestle with God in prayer in behalf of the King, as I was never witness of before or since. I believe I am as little governed by impressions as any man living; but I was powerfully constrained to believe that from that very time the King would recover. And it was with difficulty that I could refrain from telling the people so. He did recover from that time. How many were praying for him with us at the same time is not for me to say." The question of *post hoc* or *propter hoc* does not seem to have even suggested itself. In a certain controversy, now half forgotten, upon the subject it was, I remember, urged by the sceptics that considering how often and universally kings were prayed for, their lives ought to be prolonged beyond that of ordinary folks, which, however, was not the case; to which the orthodox party replied, with some naïveté and a good deal of disloyalty, that though prayers were often offered for royal personages, they were of an official character, and people did not put their hearts in their supplications; these must be fervent to be efficacious. Cotton Mather tells us that Edward Hopkins, one of the early Governors of Connecticut, "prayed with such fervency that he frequently fell a-bleeding at the nose": but this most probably resulted from his praying *through* his nose.

Quite a number of correspondents express sympathy with my views upon the disappearance of inanimate objects, often too sudden and amazing to be explained in a natural way. They assure me that by taking no notice and using some substitute for the lost article, they generally recover it, or, as they express it, "it is brought back to them." One writes: "The same demoniacal interference is to be observed in the manner in which things work and hitch themselves together in a way that one could never accomplish by design." Finally, apropos of the misuse of the Cave of Adullam as a metaphor for disloyalty, a correspondent writes: "I notice that in Radical speeches it is constantly thrown at the House of Lords that its members 'toil not, neither do they spin.' In the original from which the quotation is taken, 'the lilies of the field' are certainly not blamed; the tendency is rather the other way."



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

A curious complication is likely to arise in connection with the full body of the London County Council in the matter of the Empire Theatre. What if another committee—the Building and Construction Committee—refuses to allow the alterations insisted on by the Theatres and Music Halls Committee? I can see nothing more probable, since as matters now stand, a theatre which the other day was the safest and most convenient in all London, with spacious staircases, corridors, and retiring-rooms, and with a fine broad path straight from Leicester Square to Leicester Street, at the back of the theatre, is threatened with a very grave and serious danger, in case of fire, panic, or accident, which the London County Council is bound to provide against. In fact, it comes to this: We have one Committee of the London County Council very properly looking after the lives of her Majesty's subjects, and another distinct Committee most gratuitously looking after their souls. Now, the London County Council has decided that a license can only be granted to the Empire Theatre on the strict condition that such refreshment-bars as still exist shall be separated from the auditorium. That is to say, no one, under any plea whatever, shall be allowed refreshment in the actual theatre. To this rule there is no exception. Those who purchase private boxes may smoke, but they must not drink.

In order to carry out this somewhat arbitrary rule it has been necessary to erect temporary swing-doors, in order to divide the auditorium from the refreshment-rooms. Hitherto the County Council has been the strongest possible opponent of swing-doors, particularly when they open *inwards*, as they do now at the Empire. They have ruled, and very properly ruled, that doors of every kind shall swing *outwards*. It is not at all likely that the practical portion of the London County Council will stultify itself by adding a new element of danger to the safest theatre in London. To curtail the promenade in any way even by a foot or an inch, to block up with seats the spaces that are now clear, and to divide the amusement part from the refreshment part of the house with doors or partitions of any kind whatsoever, would unquestionably add to the risk of danger in case of accident or, what is worse, panic. But, at any rate, do let us be consistent. I want to know what theatre, or music-hall, or entertainment place of any kind whatsoever, exists in the whole of London that does not provide for standing room when the seats are full? What is the meaning of the time-honoured announcement "Standing room only?" Has the act of standing instead of sitting been ever prohibited in any public building? I know that the last time I went to the pit of a theatre—it was during the run of "The Masqueraders" at the St. James's Theatre—I had to stand the whole evening, when I was not promenading elsewhere. Honestly, I think it is a very unwise move for either theatre managers or music-hall directors to begin throwing stones about. There are too many glass houses in the line of aim. Both ought to join hands in order to secure that the licensing of places of public entertainment of every kind shall be placed in fitting hands. A Government office, a police magistrate, or a Lord Chamberlain would be beyond suspicion.

Miss Olga Nethersole, who recently left England for America laden with good wishes and with every prospect of winning fresh popularity amongst a generous and art-loving people, has, I fear, been the victim of bad management. Up to the present time they like the actress immensely, but they dislike her plays. It was obviously an error in judgment to start off with "The Transgressor," a play which was certain to create controversy, and to place a jarring note in the chorus of congratulation. Stars who desire to shine in America should never forget the extreme value of a successful start. It does not do to be left at the post in America. You must make the running or you are lost. On this account it behoves Mr. Beerbohm Tree to be most careful in his selection, and to show himself as a young man and not as an old man at the outset. The Gringoes and "Red Lamps" and Falstaffs and Hamlets can be brought up to the attack when the battle has fairly started; but for the start it should be a modern play, and with Mr. Tree in a new character—one that has not been seen in America or been associated with another actor's style. Let us hope that Mr. Beerbohm Tree has found that very character and play in the latest work of clever Haddon Chambers.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS.

Alderman Sir Joseph Renals, Lord Mayor of London for the ensuing year, was born at Nottingham in 1848. After completing his school education, and travelling on the



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company.  
ALDERMAN SIR JOSEPH RENALS,  
THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

Continent, he entered into business at Nottingham as a bleacher, in partnership with his brother, Mr. John Renals, who was recently Mayor of that town. In 1875 Mr. Joseph Renals was compelled by ill-health to retire from active business for a period of rest, but after two years, having recovered his strength, he came to London, and established, in Fore Street, the firm of which he continues to be the head, engaged in the trade of a lace merchant. He became a member of the City Corporation in 1885 as representative of his ward—Aldersgate—in the Court of



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company.  
MR. ALDERMAN AND SHERIFF SAMUEL.

Common Council; and two years later he was elected unanimously Alderman of the ward, in succession to the late Sir John Staples. A short time since he served the office of Sheriff, and received the honour of knighthood in commemoration of the marriage of the Duke and Duchess of York. There is every promise of his fulfilling with efficiency the important duties of his office. We present, with the portrait of the new Lord Mayor, those also of the two Sheriffs, Alderman Marcus Samuel and Mr. George Hand. Mr. Samuel is well known in the shipping world, a fact which suggests the picture of a P. and O. steamship on the invitation-card to the Mayoral banquet. Mr. Hand takes great interest in many charitable institutions.

## THE NEW CZAR OF RUSSIA.

Speaking mathematically, Nicholas II. of Russia is  $x$ —an unknown quantity. Ascending the throne with but little warning, assuming responsibilities after small opportunity of apprenticeship to his great office, the new Czar and Autocrat of all the Russias has centred upon him the critical eyes of the civilised world. Like these nations which are esteemed happy, he has, comparatively speaking, no history. Grand Duke Nicholas, as his correct title was prior to his father's death, was born May 6 (Old Style), 1868, the eldest son of Alexander III. and Maria, his wife. An uneventful boyhood, spent for the most part in company with his ailing brother, Grand Duke George, was followed by travel in various parts of the world. It will be remembered that he visited Japan in company with his cousin the Crown Prince of Greece, who valorously saved the Czarévitch's life from the assault of a mad assassin. In India he had especial opportunities of examination of the great engineering works and other interests in that mighty empire, so specially interesting to Russia. One of the reasons for his visiting Great Britain on the occasion of the Duke of York's wedding was in order that he might personally thank the Queen for the reception he was accorded in the land over which she rules as Empress. In this country the Czarévitch thoroughly enjoyed himself, and created a much more favourable impression than report had prophesied. By the side of the Duke of York it was difficult at a distance to distinguish which of the young men was the heir to the Russian throne. He spent much of his time with the Queen, who was specially interested in his matrimonial engagement to Princess Alix of Hesse. The new Czar is, like the Prince of Wales, an admirable linguist. He is receptive of new ideas, and admires the freedom which is the proud possession of these isles. As Thomas Carlyle maintained, nothing is more cowardly than attacks on the characters of royal personages, who by their position are prevented from replying. And we are sure that Englishmen all the world over will sympathetically regard Nicholas II., and hopefully expect that he will bear himself manfully and wisely in his new heritage.

## LANDING JAPANESE TROOPS AND STORES IN COREA.

As our correspondents' sketches, dispatched by the ordinary post-office mails, must necessarily come to hand several weeks later than the telegrams which report battles in Eastern Asia, these scenes of military bustle on the beach at Chemulpo belong to the days in September before the Japanese campaign advanced to the Yalu River. But they serve to illustrate the completeness of the army equipment, including pontoons for passing the rivers of Corea. The Japanese army is not well provided with horses. It is probable, however, that for means of transport and for the supply of stores, this army has since it invaded Chinese territory depended mainly on what may be landed on the

coast of Liao-tung, to the north of Port Arthur, and that Corea has ceased to be its base of operations. Nothing but a Chinese naval victory, which is at present scarcely to be expected, can save the north-eastern shores of the Gulf of Pe-chili from a temporary conquest by the Japanese forces, which have been handled with remarkable skill and promptitude by land as well as on sea.

## THE NAVAL BATTLE OF THE YALU.

The battle of Sept. 17, between the Chinese and Japanese naval squadrons at the mouth of the Yalu River, which forms the boundary of Corea, was described in the week following that date, from the accounts received by telegraph; but we have since obtained a sketch of one of its most remarkable incidents. This

is the foundering and sinking of the *Chih-Yuen*, an armour-protected cruiser, built of steel, with deck-plating four and two inches thick, constructed by Messrs. Sir William Armstrong and Co., having engines of 5500-horse power and twin screw-propellers, giving a speed of eighteen knots an hour; she carried three eight-inch twelve-ton guns, with smaller guns and torpedo-tubes. During the prolonged fight on board the Chinese flag-ship the signalling gear had been shot away, and there was no control over the various ships. The *Chih-Yuen*, without orders, shot out of the line and made for a Japanese ship to ram her, which she did, for the Japanese sank; but shortly afterwards the *Chih-Yuen* herself was seen to sink.

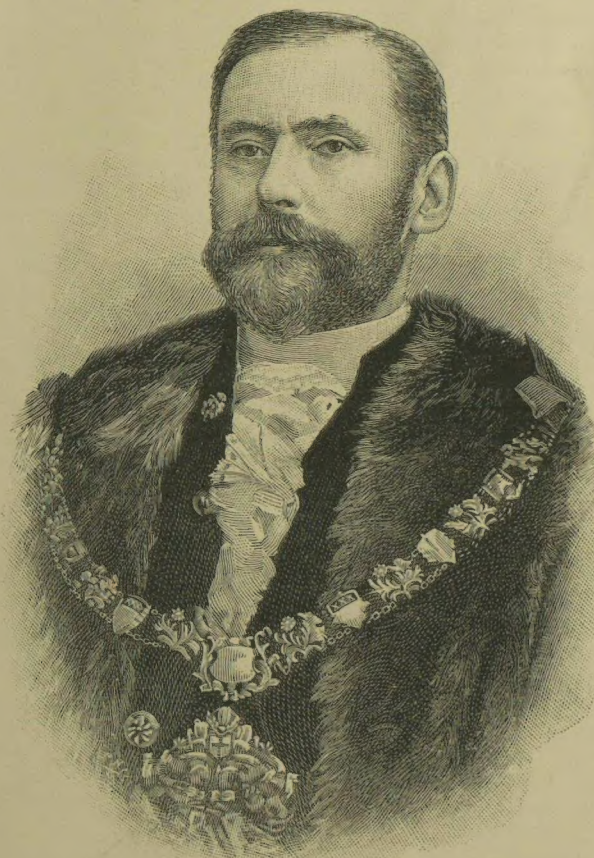


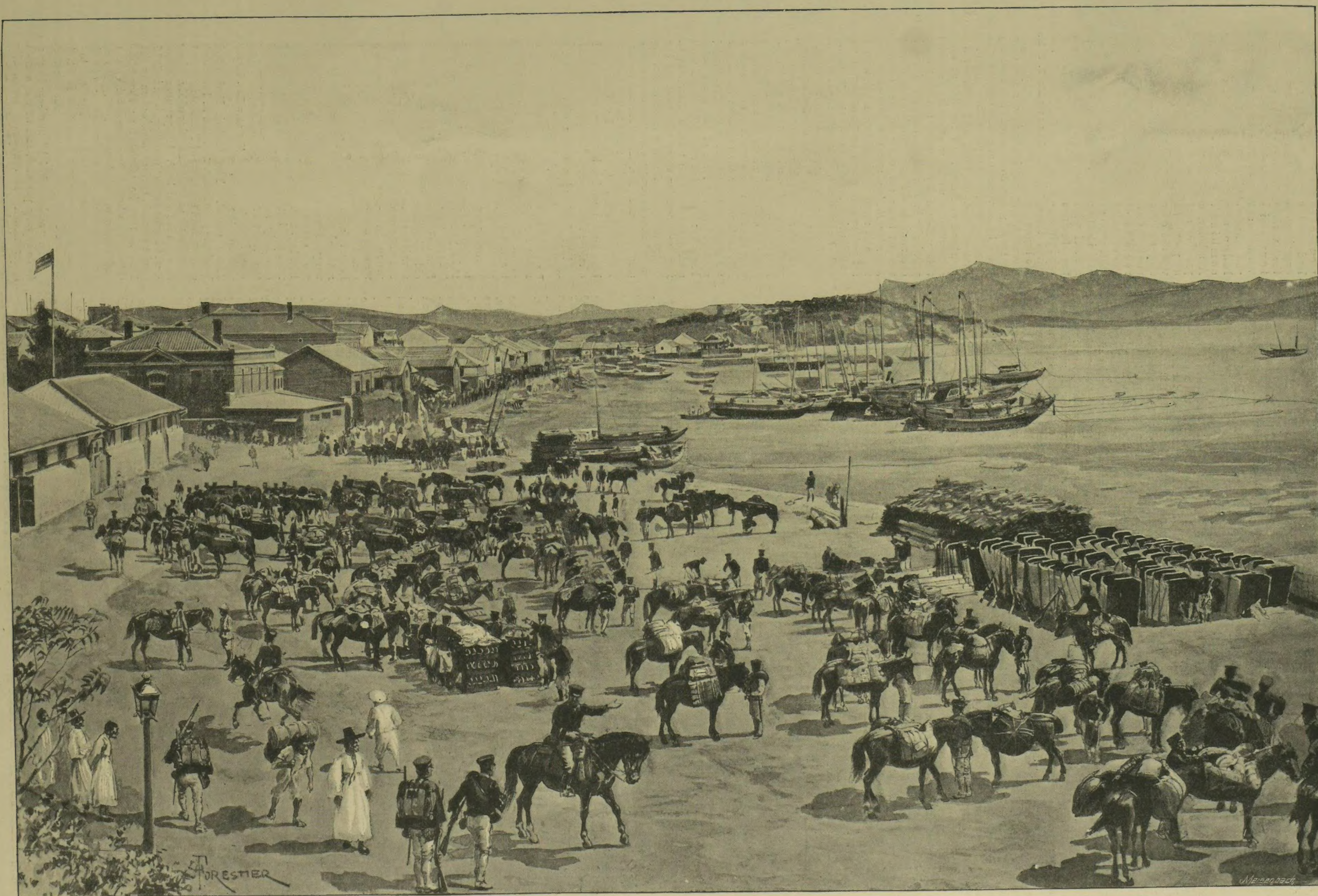
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company.  
MR. SHERIFF HAND.





LANDING OF JAPANESE TROOPS ON THE BEACH AT CHEMULPO, COREA.  
*From a Photograph supplied by Mr. J. A. Vaughan, H.M.S. "Undaunted."*





LANDING JAPANESE WAR STORES AT CHEMULPO—AMMUNITION TO THE LEFT, PONTOONS IN SEGMENTS TO THE RIGHT.

*From a Photograph supplied by Mr. J. A. Vaughan, H.M.S. "Undaunted."*



## PERSONAL.

Journalism has lost one of its most noteworthy figures by the death of Mr. John Walter. He was the grandson

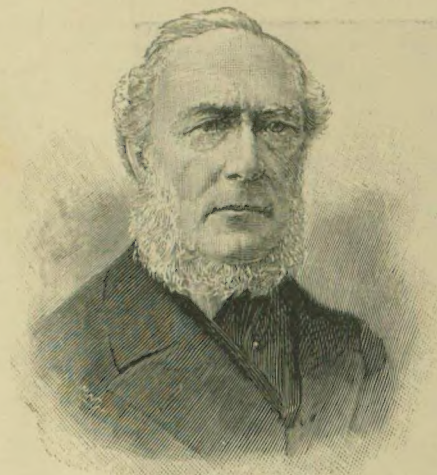


Photo by Barraud, Oxford Street.  
THE LATE MR. JOHN WALTER.

of the John Walter who founded the *Universal Register and Times*, and whose son handed on what was simply the nucleus of the greatest newspaper in the world. It was during the reign of the third John Walter that the *Times* acquired its unparalleled authority in the world of journalism. Closely identified with our contemporary since 1847, Mr. Walter showed much acumen in the choice of his lieutenants and in the development of the mechanism of his paper. In politics he was for many years a moderate Liberal, and sat in the House of Commons as a supporter of Mr. Gladstone, for whose leadership, however, his regard began to cool as far back as 1880. It was at Mr. Walter's instance that the *Times* took so prominent a part in the exciting incidents which led to the appointment of the Parnell Commission, and the collapse of Pigott, to whose story of the forged letters Mr. Walter had pinned his faith, was a blow which had grave consequences, both politically and commercially, to Printing House Square. But the error, though momentous, cannot outweigh the services which Mr. Walter's enterprise and integrity rendered to his country, and it is fair to say that he has left the prestige of the *Times* one of the most enduring of British institutions.

What is the special necessity of sending men to Parliament to represent the "Volunteer movement"? A journal which takes excellent care of the interests of Volunteers urges all of them who are electors in a particular district of London to vote for the Volunteer candidate. This gentleman has in some way qualified himself to take care of the "Volunteer movement" in the House of Commons, and willing conscripts for the defence of the country are expected to forget all trivial questions of ordinary politics and plump for this champion. It may be doubted whether this politician, should he be elected, and think fit to begin his maiden speech with "Sir, I represent the Volunteer movement," would be accepted by the House with absolute gravity. Everybody respects the Volunteers, but even in these days of infinitesimal "groups" a Volunteer party seems to have no *raison d'être*.

The world has just lost in Mr. Eugene Oudin a singer whose nature was as sweet as his voice. At the early age

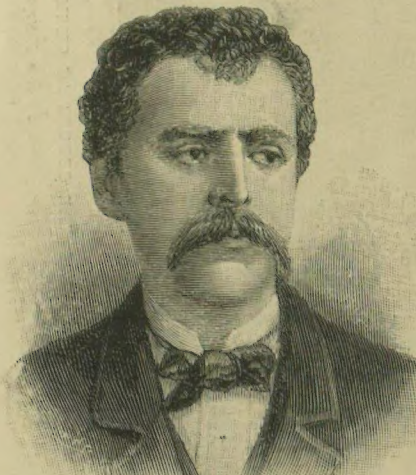


Photo by Barraud, Oxford Street.  
THE LATE MR. EUGENE OUDIN.

of thirty-six paralysis has ended a brilliant career, which promised even greater triumphs in the future than the past had witnessed. Mr. Oudin had been assiduously nursing a friend, whose death had a most depressing effect on his spirits. He seemed, however, in good health at the Richter concert in the Queen's Hall on Oct. 20, but while chatting with Mr. Edward Lloyd he suddenly fell to the ground, stricken with paralysis. A brief period of consciousness ensued just prior to his death on Nov. 4. Mr. Oudin was of French parentage, and was born in New York. He developed such musical talent as led him to relinquish the profession of the law. For six years he was the leading baritone at St. Stephen's Church, New York. He came to England in 1886, but secured little notice. However, he favourably impressed Sir Arthur Sullivan, who gave him the rôle of the Templar in "Ivanhoe," when that work was produced, on Jan. 31, 1891, at the English Opera House. Previous to this Mr. Oudin had made his operatic début in America, on the same evening as Miss Louise Parker, who was also a member of the McCaul Opera Company, and whom he married. In this country both Mr. and Mrs. Oudin had made many friends, and only in the last season of the Monday Popular Concerts sang some duets very charmingly. One of his latest appearances on the public platform was at the Birmingham Festival, where he gave the soliloquy of Pater Marianus in Schumann's "Faust." Mr. Oudin was an expert photographer, and more than once exhibited his handiwork. One of his best efforts was a portrait of his three friends, MM. De Reszke and Lassalle. He leaves a family of three children to mourn, with Mrs. Oudin, his sudden death.

The Hon. Reginald Brett, whose house in Mayfair was the scene of a dynamite explosion, is the eldest son of Lord Esher, Master of the Rolls. Mr. Brett was at one

time private secretary to the Duke of Devonshire, then Lord Hartington, and he enjoyed in politics the reputation which belongs to those who communicate their views through the medium of the *Times* instead of on the platform or in the House of Commons. The initials "R. B. B." have frequently been provocative of controversy; but of recent years Mr. Brett has added little in this way to the general stock of political wisdom. Why dynamiters should have any animus against him is quite inexplicable; and the suggestion that his house was mistaken for that of Mr. Justice Hawkins, who is a judicial terror to evil-doers, is at least plausible.

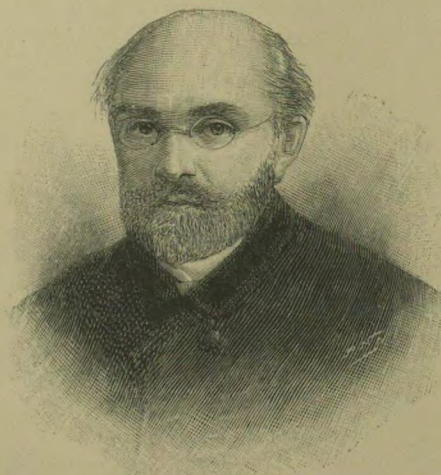
M. Paul Bonnetain has been appointed Director of Political Affairs of the Soudan—in other words, French Resident. This appointment proves that the French Minister whose duty it is to deal with colonial matters is more anxious to see the right man in the right place than to follow the usual diplomatic traditions, for M. Bonnetain has made his name as a novelist; but it is owing to his courage and indefatigable energy that so much is known of the interior of the French Soudan; and, together with his wife and child, he has undertaken more than one dangerous expedition resulting in a good deal of useful information. M. Bonnetain's best known books are "Sous-Offs," a violent attack on the present Continental army system, and "Passagère," an idealistic little romance, recalling Pierre Loti's earlier work. M. and Madame Paul Bonnetain were last week entertained by a number of Parisian *littérateurs* and journalists, among whom were Edouard de Goncourt, Paul Bourget, Ernest Daudet, Clovis Hugues, and J. H. Rosny, at a farewell dinner.

The fatal termination, on Thursday, Nov. 1, of the illness of the late Czar, Alexander III., is not regarded as in any way dis-

paraging to the professional reputation of his physicians.

The most eminent of these was Professor Leyden, of the University of Berlin, who went to the Crimea at the express request of the German Emperor, William II. His opinion, from the first time he saw the illu-

trious patient, was much more alarming than that which had been expressed by his Russian colleague, Professor Zakharin, of the University of Moscow, and of the Court physicians, Drs. Popoff and Weljamineff, who had attended the earlier stages of the disease. They had detected the organic malady of the kidneys. But the altered tone of the medical prognostics, in the latter part of the month of October, was mainly due to the appearance of symptoms of a secondary disorder, with dropsical affections of the chest, abdomen, and legs. Acupuncture and drainage could draw off a great deal of the fluid, which was producing so much oppression of the arterial and venous circulation, from internal pressure, that all the functions, especially those of breathing, were impeded by painful distention. Firm adherence to exclusively milk diet—a treatment much advocated by British physicians—seemed to have had good effects, and various diuretics were tried in succession, which served to modify the spasmodic convulsion, which had been troublesome, and to assist in eliminating the ureal poisoning of the blood. Notwithstanding, however, the therapeutical successes thus obtained in alleviating the distress of the patient, the prognosis continued to be indicative of imminent peril. A distinguished surgeon, Professor Grube, of the University of Charkoff, was summoned to Livadia, and



DR. ZAKHARIN,  
One of the Medical Attendants of the late Czar.

and was consulted, with Dr. Hirsch, upon the expediency of performing an operation to get rid of the accumulation of fluid, a small portion of which was drawn off from the feet and analysed by him on Oct. 28; but he finally declined the responsibility of undertaking the main operation, and went home next day. This was the end of the last hope; and the bulletin of Oct. 30 announced that there were symptoms of partial inflammation of the left lung, with much coughing and spitting of blood, accompanied by shivering fits, which proved that the circulation of the blood was entirely deranged. The pulse was weak, at ninety pulsations in a minute; the temperature 100 deg. Fahrenheit. Very little nourishment could now be taken. There was somnolence, occasionally of a comatose character, but with long intervals of mental clearness, when the Czar could rise from his bed

and sit in a chair, even on the day he died, peacefully and quietly expiring about two o'clock in the afternoon.

English art criticism sustains a serious loss by the death of Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, at the comparatively early age of sixty. Few men have had wider experience in the various forms in which art and knowledge are combined. A scholar, a painter, and a poet, he was not only able to estimate the results of the works of others, but to identify himself with the feelings which inspired them. He began his literary life appropriately in a series of articles, "Rome in 1849"; and he showed the tendency of his early years by a volume of poems entitled "The Isles of Loch Awe" (1855). Six years later found him settled in France, first at Sens, and afterwards in the neighbourhood of Autun. Of his life at the latter place he subsequently wrote a charming description under the title "Round My House" (1876), which obtained much popularity in France on account of the keen and subtle observations of French rural life it displayed. He was at various times art critic to the *Fortnightly Review*, the *Saturday Review*, and the *Fine Arts Quarterly*; but his name is more specially associated with the *Portfolio*, an art publication which he planned and edited since 1869, contributing largely to its pages criticisms of French and English art. Among the more important books which he also found leisure to write, "Etching and Etchers" (1868), "The Intellectual Life" (1873), "The Graphic Arts" (1882), and "Landscape" (1885) are the most important—and the most costly. A few years ago he left Autun, and established himself in one of the suburbs of Paris, where he soon found himself in contact with the best representatives of French art. These gave him materials for his excellent text-book of modern art, "French and English: a Comparison," which originally appeared in the form of articles. Since his removal to Paris Mr. Hamerton occupied himself more especially with architecture, and his "Paris, New and Old," is a charming handbook for those who recollect the French capital before the days of Baron Haussmann, and for those who would wish to compare its present grandeur with its former attractiveness. Mr. Hamerton was also a writer of fiction, but he seldom put his name on the title-page of his novels. "Wenderholme" (1869) and "Marmorne" (1878) were his best known works, but they commanded rather a *succès d'estime* than a wide popularity. He died in Paris on Nov. 5.

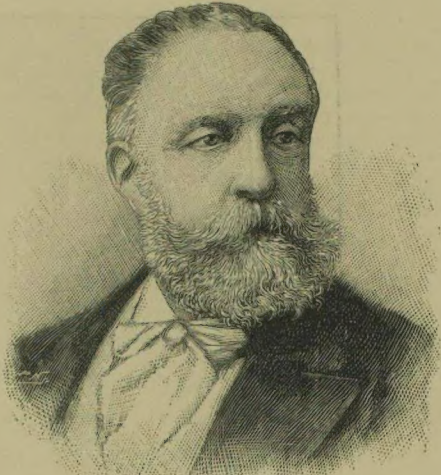


Photo by Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE MR. P. G. HAMERTON.

The death of a Canon of Windsor, who was also a Devonshire country clergyman and a member of the ancient and noble family of the Courtenays, Earls of Devon, may be noticed in this place. There are few extant old English families in the Peerage more intimately associated with local and national history from the earliest Plantagenet reigns, but especially in the Wars of the Roses, and in the Tudor period. The twelfth Earl of Devon, William Reginald Courtenay, who died in 1888, long represented the county, held the office of Permanent Secretary to the Poor Law Board, and was a member of Mr. Disraeli's Administration in 1866 and 1867. His younger brother, the Hon. and Rev. Charles Leslie Courtenay, born in 1816, and educated at Christ Church, Oxford, took orders in the Church. From 1843 to 1849 he officiated as Domestic Chaplain to the Queen, by whom he was appointed Vicar of Bovey-Tracey, and Canon of Windsor in 1859. He married in 1849 Lady Caroline Cocks, daughter of the second Earl Somers, formerly Maid of Honour to the Queen. A memorial service was performed in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, at the hour of his funeral in Devonshire.

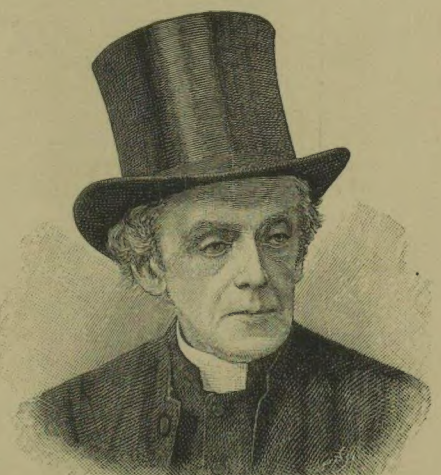


Photo by Hills and Saunders.  
THE LATE REV. CANON COURTENAY.

The "ambassadorial" number of our contemporary the *Salon* is very personal, and at the same time thoroughly international. It contains a series of portraits of the various Ambassadors and Ministers accredited to the Court of St. James, with epigraphs from many amongst them on the *ultima ratio* of their salaries—if not of their existence—to wit "Peace." The definitions given by their Excellencies are naturally couched in vague and presumably diplomatic language. The Chinese Minister boldly declares that "Peace is the interest paramount of nations," an assurance which doubtless many inhabitants of the Celestial Empire would at this moment endorse.

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## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Balmoral, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, has been visited by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne. Lady Tennyson has been received as a visitor to her Majesty.

The Queen received on Nov. 1, "with the deepest concern, the sorrowful intelligence of the fatal termination of the illness of the Emperor of Russia." Her Majesty, "who is allied to the Russian imperial family by so many ties, feels the warmest sympathy with the afflicted Empress and all her family, as well as with the young Emperor, about to become by marriage her Majesty's grandson, and for whom the Queen entertains a sincere affection and regard."

The Prince and Princess of Wales, arriving at Odessa, after their long railway journey across the Continent, on Saturday, Nov. 3, embarked in the steamer *Orel* for Yalta, in the Crimea, and reached the imperial palace of Livadia next day on their visit of affectionate consolation to the widowed Empress and to the young Czar Nicholas II. of Russia. On landing at Yalta they were met by the Grand Duke Alexis. Their Royal Highnesses were informed of the death of the Czar Alexander III. on their arrival at Vienna, in the afternoon of Thursday, Nov. 1, by a telegram from one of the Russian imperial family at Livadia.

The Duke and Duchess of York, with Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, on Saturday, Nov. 3, left London for Sandringham, but the Duke of York returned to London on Monday, and next day attended the mourning service on behalf of the late Czar at the Russian Chapel in Welbeck Street.

The nomination of candidates for the new London School Board, to be elected on Nov. 22, closed on the last day of October; there are ninety-six candidates for the fifty-five seats to be filled.

A dynamite outrage, perpetrated in all likelihood by some of the foreign Anarchist faction still lurking in London, took place on Sunday night, Nov. 4, at a house in Tynley Street, Mayfair, between Park Lane and South Audley Street. The house was that of the Hon. Reginald Brett, which it is supposed had been mistaken for that of Sir Henry Hawkins (Mr. Justice Hawkins), the judge who lately tried one or two of the dynamite conspirators, and who resides next door but one to Mr. Brett. The explosive apparatus, put on the doorstep about eleven o'clock at night, took effect only by partly blowing down the front door, damaging the entrance-hall and staircase, and shattering the windows of the opposite houses. Fortunately, there was no person within reach of injury, though Mrs. Brett was on the staircase at the time. Letters threatening deadly vengeance on the judges and jurymen, counsel and witnesses engaged in the prosecutions of the Anarchists had been received.

The preparations in Russia for the funeral of the late Czar Alexander III. have been announced by official authority. On Thursday, Nov. 8, the mortal remains of his Imperial Majesty were carried in a solemn procession from the palace of Livadia, in the Crimea, to the neighbouring seaport of Yalta, and were placed on board a ship of war, by which, with a naval escort, they would be conveyed to Sebastopol, and thence by railway to Moscow. The procession to Yalta was accompanied by the Emperor Nicholas II., the widowed Empress, the Grand Duchess

## MUSIC.

The Royal Choral Society did its share, by performing "Elijah," at the opening concert of the season, towards the Mendelssohn Commemoration, which marked the anniversary of the composer's death, and in some respects it formed the most splendid tribute of all. There is just now a tendency—stupid because it is artificial, and doomed to reactionary influences—to copy in this country the tolerant "kid-glove" attitude assumed by the advanced German school towards Mendelssohn. Happily, the movement is treated by the public with sublime indifference, being too one-sided and academic, as well as too opposed to the deeply seated general feeling, to obtain support. But it is also advantageous to have active, in addition to passive, testimony in a case like this, and the "Elijah" performance at the Albert Hall was the first recent opportunity that Londoners had had of supplying it. To dwell on the manifestations of delight would be superfluous, as would also be anything like minute criticism of the choral singing, which was abundantly calculated to maintain the prestige that the society has acquired under the able and painstaking conductorship of Sir Joseph Barnby. Mr. Santley's rendering of the Prophet's music was one of the features of the performance; the tenor part had a distinguished exponent in Mr. Edward Lloyd; Miss Ella Russell did justice to "Hear ye, Israel"; and promising oratorio débuts were made by a new contralto, Madame Clara Poole, and Miss Lucie Johnstone, whose rendering of "Woe unto them" was deservedly applauded.

Mendelssohn predominated in the programme of the first Saturday Popular Concert. There the influence of the master is still, and likely to remain for a long time, all but supreme, and a huge audience gathered, as a matter

Ai Perri.



Livadia.

SHORE OF THE CRIMEA, BLACK SEA, WITH LIVADIA AND YALTA.

Yalta.

The Duchess of Albany on Tuesday, Nov. 6, visited Deptford, New Cross, and Blackheath, and opened at New Cross the Goldsmiths' Company's Technical and Recreative Institute. Her Royal Highness was accompanied by the Bishop of Southwark and Lady Barbara Yeatman, and by Sir Spencer Maryon Wilson and Lady Wilson, with whom she lunched at Charlton House, and opened the new Mission Hall of St. Luke's, Charlton. At the New Cross Institute she was received by the Master, Mr. G. Matthey, Sir Frederick Abel, Sir Frederick Bramwell, and the other Governors. The institute has five thousand students, of whom two thousand are girls and young women.

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire on Nov. 6 visited Owens College, Manchester, at the opening of the New Medical School.

Sir John Gorst was installed as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow on Nov. 2, and delivered an address on University education and extension.

The Lord Mayor of London, Sir G. R. Tyler, with the Sheriffs, visited, a few days before the expiration of his year of office, the new schools of the Stationers' Company at Stroud Green, in the north of London, and the London Temperance Hospital, in Hampstead Road, St. Pancras, where he was met by the Duke of Westminster, president of that institution.

The municipal elections in the cities and corporate towns or boroughs of England and Wales took place on Thursday, Nov. 1. The Local Government Board has issued rules for the election of guardians, and for the election of vestrymen and auditors, in the county of London. The election of guardians is fixed for Monday, Dec. 17. Nominations are to be sent in not later than Dec. 4. The elected guardians are to come into office on Dec. 31. The election for vestrymen and auditors is fixed for Saturday, Dec. 15.

Alexandra (Princess Alix of Hesse), and the imperial family, also the Queen of Greece, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (Duchess of Edinburgh), the late Emperor's sister. At Moscow the body will lie in state two or three days, at the Cathedral of St. Michael in the Kremlin, and will afterwards be taken to St. Petersburg, where it will again be publicly exhibited in the fortress Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, until it be finally deposited in the tombs of the Czars. The new Emperor, Nicholas II., is expected in St. Petersburg on Thursday, Nov. 15, but will be at Moscow, probably next day, to attend the removal of his father's body from Moscow to St. Petersburg. The King of Greece, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, the Duke of Connaught, and many foreign Princes will be present at the final obsequies.

The French Government received from Madagascar on Nov. 3 information that the demands of its agent, M. Le Myre de Vilers, on the Hova Kingdom have been rejected, and that he and all the French residents have left Antananarivo, the capital, for the seaport of Tamatave. Preparations are now beginning for a military expedition to Madagascar, which will not, however, be ready for several months, as 15,000 or 17,000 troops must be sent, with artillery and stores.

The latest news from China to Nov. 7 is that the Japanese are attacking Port Arthur by land and sea, while the Chinese fleet is shut up in that harbour, and places on both shores of the isthmus, and on the coast of the mainland westward, are in the possession of the enemy. At Peking on Saturday, Nov. 3, Prince Kung, the head of the Imperial Government, assembled the representatives of the foreign Powers, acknowledged the inability of China to withstand Japan, and appealed to them for intervention on behalf of peace. China is willing to surrender her claim of sovereignty over Corea, and to pay a large war indemnity to Japan.

of course, to hear the D major quartet, Op. 44, the C minor trio, Op. 66, and the "Variations Sérieuses." For these last M. Josef Slivinski was not, perhaps, an ideal interpreter, but he played them with admirable sureness and delicacy of touch and had to play an encore. Mdlle. Wietrowetz had a greater artistic success in the concerted works, which she "led" with truly masculine breadth, than in the Romance in C from her master's pen—now heard here for the first time. Miss Dale sang very pleasantly, but should have helped to do honour to the memory of the genius that wrote "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges." At the Crystal Palace on the same afternoon the scheme was commemorative throughout, and here again the crowd was in excess of the accommodation afforded by the concert-room. Worthily indeed was Mendelssohn represented by his "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, his "Scotch" symphony, and his pianoforte concerto in G minor, not to speak of minor masterpieces, such as the "Lorelei" finale and the aria "Infelice," in which Miss Anna Williams was slightly overtaxed.

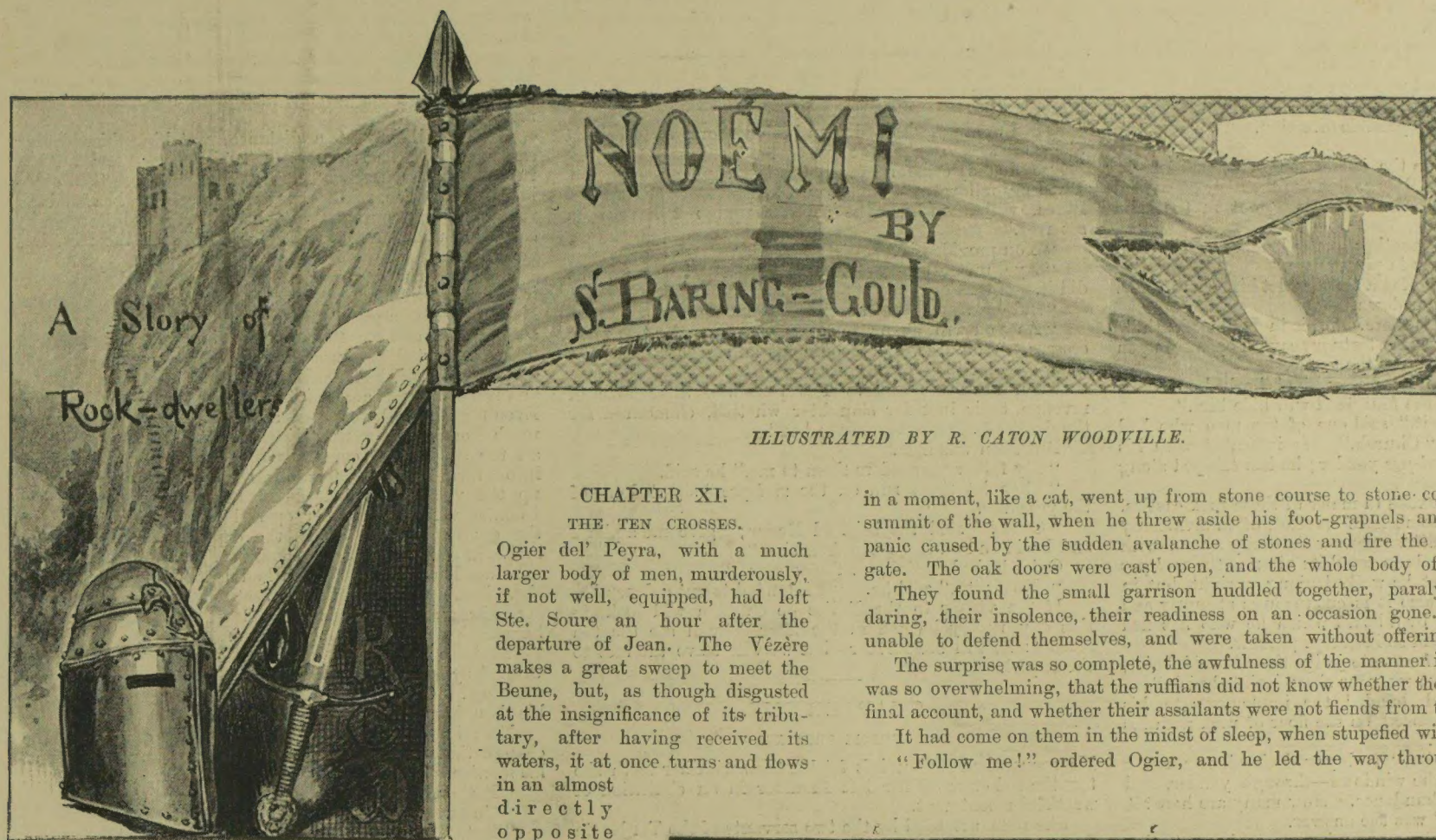
Several additions to the "Pop" repertory were made at the second concert of the series, though none were absolute novelties. Chopin's fine Fantaisie Polonaise in A flat, Op. 61, was brought forward by Miss Fanny Davies, who is, however, more at home in Schumann than in Chopin, and played her encore piece (Liszt's "Waldeinschneise") better than she did the Polonaise. Mr. Whitehouse scored an emphatic success in Dvorák's "Waldeinschneise" and Saint-Saëns' Allegro Appassionato for violoncello, the charm of music and playing combined eliciting a *bis* in this instance likewise. Finally, a pianoforte quintet by Mr. Moir Clark, a young Scotchman, who studied some time at the Royal Academy of Music, and subsequently in Germany, was performed by Miss Fanny Davies, Mdlle. Wietrowetz, Messrs. Ries, Gibson, and Whitehouse, and received with encouraging favour. It is not without serious faults, nor would one expect it to be, seeing that the writing of a satisfactory quintet requires experience no less than skill.





"WOOING." — BY C. WÜNNENBERG.  
By Permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.





## CHAPTER XI.

## THE TEN CROSSES.

Ogier del' Peyra, with a much larger body of men, murderously, if not well, equipped, had left Ste. Soure an hour after the departure of Jean. The Vézère makes a great sweep to meet the Beune, but, as though disgusted at the insignificance of its tributary, after having received its waters, it at once turns and flows in an almost directly opposite direction leaving a

broad, flat tongue of land round which it curls, a tongue of rich alluvial soil, interspersed with gravel that is purple in autumn with crocus, and in summer blue with salvia.

Here the party, headed by Ogier, waited in patience till the signal flashed thrice from the heights opposite, when it was immediately answered by three corresponding flares of dry grass.

Then Ogier and his men, under cover of the darkness, moved up the river to the ford, waded across the water, and cautiously crept along the river bank among the osiers in straggling line, till they had reached a suitable point below the "Church." From this point they could see the lights from the windows of that unhallowed edifice shining before them, half-way up the sky like stars, but stars of lurid hue.

Then they sat down in the dewy grass and waited. Hour passed after hour. The stars before them waxed faint and went out.

Then, suddenly, bringing all to their feet, came the peal of the horn, echoed and re-echoed from every cliff; and followed by a crash and a flare.

The scene that ensued was one such as none who witnessed it had ever had a chance of beholding before, or were likely to see again.

The immense pile of brushwood and fat and other fuel caught with rapidity and rose in a burst of flame high up, as it were, in mid-heaven, followed immediately by its being poured over the lip of the precipice, the molten, blazing tar, the incandescent fat, streaked the cliff as with rivers of light, fell on the projecting roof, ran in through the interstices created by the fall of stones that had shivered the covering tiles, and set fire to the rafters they had protected.

Dense volumes of swirling red smoke, in which danced ghostly jets of blue flame, rolled about the habitation of the robber band, and penetrated to its interior. It broke out of the windows in long spirals and tongues, forked as those of adders.

The rocks up the Vézère were visible, glaring orange, every tree was lit up, and its trunk turned to gold. The Vézère glowed a river of flame; clouds that had vanished gathered, crowding to see the spectacle, and palpitated above it.

"Forward!" yelled Ogier, and the whole party rushed up the steep ascent.

For one reason it would have been better had they crept up the steep slope before the horn was blown, so as to be ready at once to burst the gates and occupy every avenue. But Ogier had considered this course, and had deemed the risk greater than the advantage. To climb the rubble slope without displacing the shale was impossible; to do so without making sufficient noise to alarm the sentinel was hardly feasible in such a still night. This might have been done in blustering wind and lashing rain, not on such a night as that when the bull frog's call rang down the valley and was answered by another frog a mile distant.

The ascent was arduous; it could not have been made easily in pitch darkness; now it was effected rapidly by the glare of the cataract of falling fire and of blazing rafters.

In ten minutes, with faces streaming, with lungs blowing, the peasants reached the gate-house. They beat at it with stones, with their fists; they drove their pikes at it, but could not open it.

Then a man—it was one of those who had been taken and confined in the castle—bid all stand back. He buckled on to his feet a sort of spiked shoe, with three prongs in each sole, and held a crooked axe in his hand.

"I have not been in there for nothing," laughed he. "I saw what they had for climbing walls, and I've made the like at my forge."

Then he went to the wall, drove in the end of his pick, and

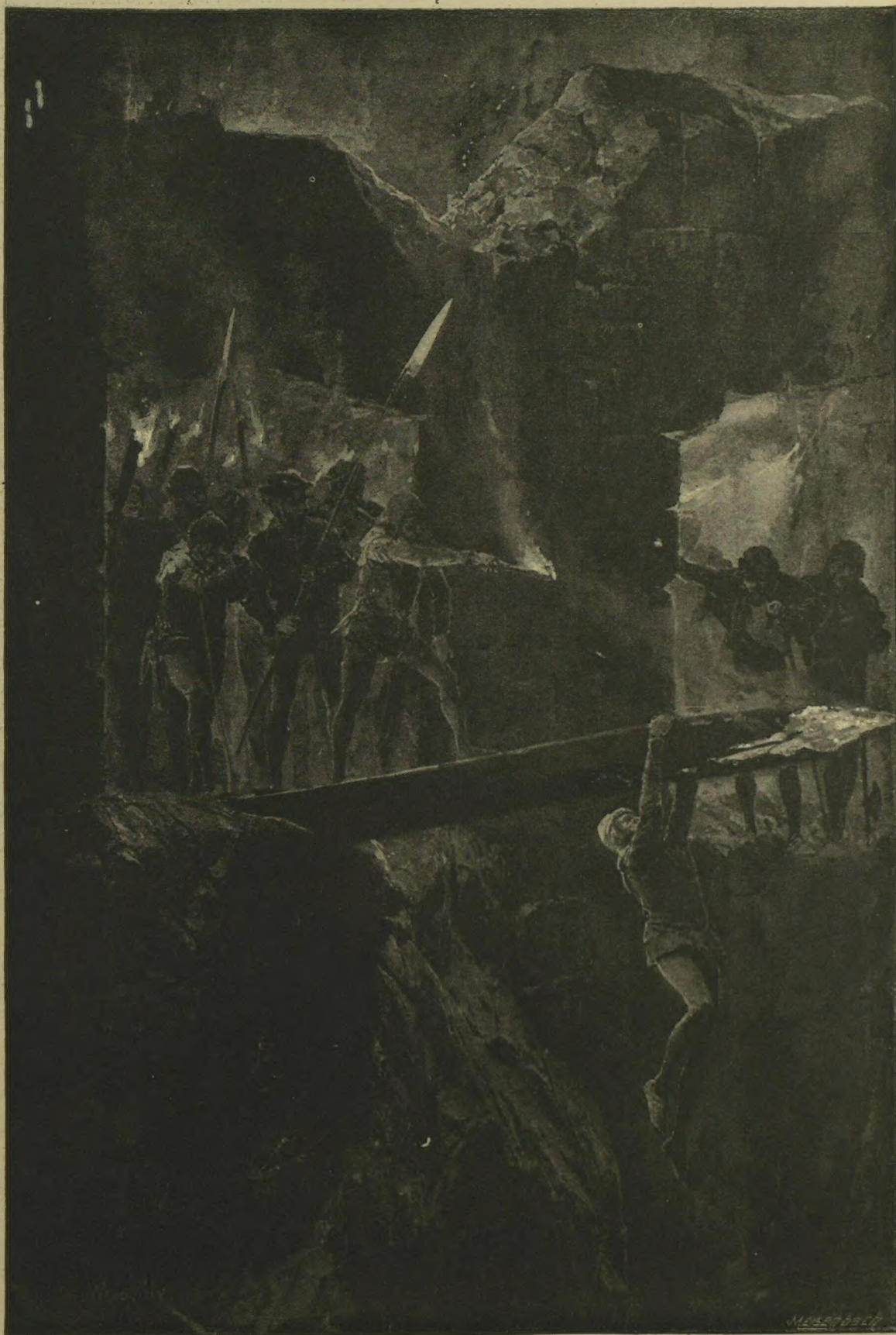
in a moment, like a cat, went up from stone course to stone course, till he reached the summit of the wall, when he threw aside his foot-grapnels and leaped within. In the panic caused by the sudden avalanche of stones and fire the sentinel had deserted the gate. The oak doors were cast open, and the whole body of armed men burst in.

They found the small garrison huddled together, paralysed with fear, all their daring, their insolence, their readiness on an occasion gone. They stood like sheep, unable to defend themselves, and were taken without offering any resistance.

The surprise was so complete, the awfulness of the manner in which they were visited was so overwhelming, that the ruffians did not know whether they were not called to their final account, and whether their assailants were not fiends from the flaming abyss.

It had come on them in the midst of sleep, when stupefied with drink.

"Follow me!" ordered Ogier, and he led the way through fallen flakes of fire,



He gripped the rafter, hanging from it, his legs swinging in space.



smouldering beams, and smoking embers, to a portion of the castle that was intact. It consisted wholly of a cavern faced up with stone, and the cataract of fire had not reached it, or had not injured it.

"Bring the prisoners to me," said Ogier. "Where is the Captain? Where is Le Gros Guillem?"

The head of the band was not taken.

"Disperse—seek him everywhere!" ordered del' Peyra. The men ran in every possible direction. They searched every cranny.

"He has escaped up the ladder to the Last Refuge!" shouted one. The Last Refuge was the chamber excavated above the projecting roof of the castle, cut in the solid rock.

"He cannot," said another, "the ladder was the first thing to burn. See, it is in pieces now."

"If he be there," scoffed a third, "let him there abide. He can neither get up nor down."

"I do not think he is there. He is in Hell's Mouth."

This Hell's Mouth was the tortuous cavern opening upon the ledge of rock occupied by the castle.

"If he is there, who will follow him?" asked one.

"Aye! who—when the foul fiend will hide him."

"I do not believe it," said one of the men who had been confined in the "Church." He indicated with his finger. "There is a *mal-pas* yonder; he has escaped along that."

A *mal-pas*, in fact, exists in many of these rock castles. It consists of a track sometimes natural, often artificially cut in the face of the cliff, so narrow that only a man with an unusually steady head can tread it; often is the *mal-pas* so formed that it cannot be walked along upright, but in a bent posture. Often also it is cut through abruptly and purposely to be crossed by a board which he who has fled over it can kick down and so intercept pursuit.

"Bring up the men for me to judge them," said Ogier, "and you, Mathieu, give me your sharp-pointed pick."

The man addressed handed the implement to his Seigneur, who seated himself on the floor of rock with his legs apart and extended.

"Giraud!" said Ogier, "and you, Roland, run out a beam through one of the windows—through yonder, and one of you find rope—abundance. How many are here?"

"There are twelve," was the answer.

"That is well; twelve—enough rope to hang twelve men, one after another from the window."

Sufficiency of rope was not to be found.

"It matters not," said Ogier. "There are other ways into another world than along a rope. They shall walk the beam. Thrust it through the window and rope the end of it."

"Which end?"

"This one in the room, to hold it down."

A large beam, fallen from the roof in the adjoining chamber, and still smoking and glowing at one end, was dragged in, and the burning end thrust out through a window. The driving it through the opening, together with the inrush of air to the heated apartments, caused the red and charred wood to burst into light; it projected some ten feet beyond the wall, fizzing, spurting forth jets of blue flame over the abyss.

"Number one!" shouted Ogier. "Make him walk the rafter. Drive him forward with your pikes if he shrinks back."

One of the ruffians of the band, his face as parchment, speechless in the stupefaction of his fear, was made to mount the beam, and then the peasants round shouted, drove at him with their knives and pruning hooks, and made him pass through the window.

There were three men seated on the end of the beam, which rested on a bench in the chamber.

The moment the unhappy wretch had disappeared through the window, Ogier began to hew with his pick into the floor.

"Forward! He is hanging back! He clings to the wall! Coward! He is endeavouring to scramble in again!" was yelled by the peasants, crowding round the window to watch the man on the charred and glowing beam end.

"Drive him off with a pike! Make him dance on the embers!" called one within, and a reaping-hook, bound to a pole, was thrust forth.

A scream, horrible in its agony, in its intensity; and those seated on the beam felt there was no longer a counterpoise.

Chip, chip, went Ogier.

Presently he looked up. He had cut a Greek cross in the chalk floor.

"Number two!" he ordered.

Then the wretch who was seized burst from his captors, rushed up to Ogier, threw himself on his knees, and implored to be spared. He would do anything. He would forswear the English. He would never plunder again.

Old Del' Peyra looked at him coldly.

"Did you ever spare one who fell into your hands? Did you spare Rossignol? Make him walk the beam."

The shrieking wretch was lifted by strong arms on to the rafter; he refused to stand, he threw himself on his knees, he struggled, bit, prayed, sobbed—all the manhood was gone out of him.

"Thrust him through the window," said one. "If he will not walk the beam he shall cling to it."

The brigand's efforts were in vain. He was driven through the opening. In his frantic efforts to save himself he gripped the rafter, hanging from it, his legs swinging in space.

"Cut off his fingers," said one.

Then the man, to escape a blow from an axe, ran his hands along, put them on glowing red charcoal, and dropped.

Chip, chip! went Ogier. He had cut a second cross.

"Number three!" he said.

The man whose turn came thrust aside those who held him, leaped on the beam, and walked deliberately through the window and bounded into the darkness.

Chip, chip! went Ogier. He worked on till he had incised a third cross in the floor.

Thus one by one was sent to his death out of the chamber reeking with wood-smoke, illumined by the puffs of flame from the still burning buildings that adjoined. Ten crosses had been cut in the floor.

"Number eleven!" said Ogier; and at that same moment his son Jean entered at the head of those who had ignited and sent down the cataract of fire that had consumed the nest.

"What are you doing, father?"

"Sending them before their Judge," answered Ogier. "See these ten crosses. There are ten have been dismissed."

Then the man who had been brought forward to be sent along the same road as the rest said—

"I do not cry for life; but this I say: it was I, aye, I and my fellow here, Amanieu, who provided the hundred livres, without which the seven would not have been set free."

"You provided it?"

"Aye, under the Captain's daughter. It was we who did it. If that goes to abate our sentence—well."

"Father, spare these two," pleaded Jean.

"As you will, Jean; but there is space for two more crosses. Would—would I could cut an eleventh, and that a big one, for the Gros Guillem."

Then murmurs arose. The peasants, their love of revenge, their lust for slaughter whetted, clamoured for the death of the last two of the band.

But Jean was firm.

"My father surrenders them to me," he said.

"Then let them run on the *mal-pas*," shouted one of the peasants.

"Good!" said the brigand Roger; "give me a plank and I will run on it, so will Amanieu."

Ogier looked ruefully at the crosses.

"'Tis a pity," said he. "I intended to cut a dozen."

If the visitor to the Eglise de Guillem will look, to this day, rudely hacked in the floor, he will see the ten crosses: he will see further—but we will leave the rest to the sequel.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THREE CROSSES.

No sooner had Noémi left *l'église* than with her teeth she tore the red cross off her left shoulder in an ebullition of wrathful resentment.

She rode, attended by the two servants of the Tardes, to La Roque Gageac without speaking.

Her mind was busy. It was clear to her that she could not remain with her aunt after that affair at the Devil's Table. The Bishop of Sarlat was not an energetic ruler; he might demur to making an expedition against Domme, doubt the expediency of attempting reprisals against so terrible a man as Le Gros Guillem, and all for the sake of a Jew, but he could hardly allow her, who had been the mover in the robbery, to remain in one of his towns. It would not be well for her to compromise the Tarde family. She must go to her mother at Domme.

On arriving at La Roque, she told Jacques and Jean Tarde what she had done.

Jacques burst out laughing. "Well done, Cousin Noémi! I am glad our money has gone to some good purpose."

She flushed to her temples. Jean del' Peyra had not welcomed her with commendation. He had received what she had done in an ungracious manner. She resented this. She was bitter at heart against him. That was the last time she would move a finger to help a Del' Peyra.

Noémi remained the night and part of next day at La Roque. Though young and strong, she was greatly tired by the exertion she had gone through, and by the mental excitement even more than the bodily exertion. The distance to Domme was not great. She had but to cross the Dordogne a couple of leagues higher in a ferry-boat and she would be at the foot of the rock of Domme. This rock may be described as an oval snuffbox with precipitous sides, flat, or nearly so, above, with, however, one end somewhat elevated above the other. On this superior elevation stood the castle or citadel. On the lower was the town, uniformly built, with a quadrangular market-place in the midst surrounded by arcades, and every street cutting another at right angles, and every house an exact counterpart of its fellow.

The garrison kept guard on the walls, but their headquarters were in the castle, where also resided their Captain, Guillem. Access to the town was to be had by one way only, and the gate was strongly defended by salient drums of towers. The castle had a triple defence of river, wall and half towers, and possessed a great donjon, square and machicolated. In 1369 it had stood a siege by the English for fifteen days, and had repelled Sir John Chandos and all his force. Since then it had fallen into the hands of the English through the neglect of the French crown to provide the necessary garrison.

Noémi was attended as far as Domme by her cousins' servant. On reaching the town it was at once manifest that something unusual had occurred which was occupying the minds and tongues of the townspeople. The men were gathered in knots; the arcaded market-place was full of them.

The girl entered the castle and proceeded to her mother's room. This lady was past the middle age, finely framed and delicately featured, still beautiful, but languid and desponding. She greeted her daughter without impulsive affection.

"Noémi," she said, "something has happened to discompose your father. I do not know what it is, the whole place is in commotion."

"I will go see," answered the girl.

"I do not think he wishes to be disturbed," said the lady, and sighing, leaned back in her seat.

Noémi at once proceeded to the chamber usually occupied by Guillem, and she saw him there, seated at a table, gnawing his nails.

The insolent, dauntless freebooter was much altered. He sat with his elbows on the table, his fingers to his teeth, his hair ragged, his tall, smooth head, usually polished, without its wonted gloss, his eyes staring stonily before him.

The Captain was mortified rather than hurt. He had been driven like a wolf athwart the woods by the peasants; smoked out of his lair by Jacques Bonhomme, like a fox.

He had escaped from the "Church" by the skin of his

teeth. Roused by the crashing in of the roof, then by the flood of fire, he had sprung from his bed, half-clothed, without his jerkin and boots, had seized his sword and had fled. In an instant he had realised the impossibility of resistance, and had run along the *mal-pas*, and, selfish in his fear, had kicked down the plank over the chasm to secure himself from pursuit, though at the sacrifice of his men.

He had lurked at a distance, watching his blazing castle and then had run on. Occasionally he had all but rushed into the arms of peasants flocking from the neighbourhood. Once, in the grey morning light, he had been recognised and pursued, and had only saved himself by cowering under an overhanging stone till the men had gone by.

Bootless, running over rocks and stones, and these latter in many cases flints that were broken and cut like razors, his feet had been gashed, and he had at length been hardly able to limp along. Prickles of briar, spines of juniper, had aggravated the wounds, and it was with extreme difficulty that he had reached the Dordogne, seized a boat, and rowed himself across into territory nominally English. Even then he had not been safe. He knew it. He must reach Domme before the tidings of the disaster arrived, or all the subjugated country would be roused. He broke into a farmer's stable, took his horse, and galloped with it up the valley, nor halted till he reached the gates of Domme, where his warder opened to him in amaze to see the governor of the town, the captain of the garrison, arrive in such a deplorable condition.

Since his arrival, after he had bathed his feet and had them bound up, he had been seated at his table, gnawing his nails, glaring into space, his heart eaten out with rage, humiliation, and raven for revenge.

To have been defied by a Del' Peyra! To have been warned by his adversary and not to have profited by the warning! Guillem's bald forehead smoked, so hot were his thoughts within him.

Noémi stood looking at the Captain, amazed at the change that had come over him—at his haggardness, at his stoniness of eye.

"Father, what has happened?"

"Go away! I want no women here."

"But, father, something has taken place. All Domme is in commotion. The streets are full."

"Full!" in a scream; "talking of me—of my disgrace! Call my lieutenant; I will send the pikemen through the streets to clear them—to silence the chattering rogues."

"But what does this all mean, father?"

"Come here, child." He waved his arm without looking at her. She obeyed. She stepped to his side and stood by the table.

"Father, your fingers are bleeding; you have gnawed them."

"Have I? It matters not. My feet are bleeding, my brain is bleeding, my honour is bled to death."

"What has happened?"

He took her hand. The only soft part in this terrible man was his love for Noémi, and that was rarely shown.

"What are the Del' Peyras to you?" he asked roughly.

"Nothing, father."

He looked round, caught her steady eye, winced, and turned his away.

"So—nothing. Why did you then ransom these men?"

"Because, father, I had pity for the men themselves."

"Why?" He could not understand this simple, natural, elementary feeling. She did not answer him, but loosened her hand from his; she took the torn strips of red silk that had formed her cross and put them on the table before him. "I renounce my companionship," she said.

He did not regard her words or her action.

"I am glad the Del' Peyras are nothing to you. I swear—" He sprang up but sank again. He could not bear to stand on his mangled feet. "I swear to you, I swear to all Périgord I will root them out; I will not leave a fibre of them anywhere. I will let all the world know what it is to oppose me."

"What has been done, father?"

Again he turned his face, but could not endure her clear eyes.

"I cannot tell you. Ask others."

Steps were audible in the anteroom, and Roger and Amanieu entered. They saluted.

"Captain," said Roger, "we only are come."

"And the others?"

"Ten of them—made to leap the beam."

"Yes, Captain, and the Seigneur del' Peyra sent his compliments to you, and was sorry your legs were so long. You'll excuse me, Captain, they were his own words; he made me swear to repeat them. He was very sorry your legs were so long. He cut ten crosses in the stone, one for each of the comrades, and, said he, there was room for another, and he'll do you the honour of making its legs long also, if he has the chance of catching you."

Guillem gnashed his teeth; the blood rushed into his eyes. He glared at the messenger.

"I think, Captain, you might have left us the plank," said Amanieu. "As it was, we had to borrow one from the peasants."

"Send me the lieutenant. This can only be wiped out in blood!" roared the Gros Guillem, in spite of his wounded feet, leaping into an upright position. "I care not that I am lamed—I care not—I shall be lifted into my saddle. I will not eat, I will not sleep till I have revenged myself and the murdered ten, and my burnt castle and this outrage on my honour."

"I am here, Captain," said the lieutenant, stepping forward. He had entered along with the returned companions. In the blindness of his agony of mind and rage Guillem had not noticed him.

The filibuster turned his face to the lieutenant. It was terrible. His red but grizzled hair, uncombed, shaggy with sweat, electrified and bristling with the fury that was in him, his pale eyes and red suffused balls, his great mouth with pointed fangs, the lower jaw quivering with excitement, made his appearance terrible.

"Lieutenant!" shouted Guillem; "call out all the men available—all but such as must remain to guard the castle and this cursed disloyal town, in which every citizen is a traitor. Muster them outside the castle; bring forth



as many horses as we have. If I am carried, I will go. At once, before these peasants have recovered their astonishment, because they surprised us when we were asleep: at once, as swiftly as possible, to chastise them. Cut down every peasant in arms: give no quarter, but above all, take me Ogier del' Peyra. I will pay fifty livres for him—to any man—to have him taken alive. I do not desire him dead; I must have him alive. Do you mark me? First of all, Del' Peyra. At once, before they expect reprisals—at once."

His hand was on the table. In his fury he shook it as if it had been his enemy he was grappling.

"To horse, Roger and Amanieu, and revenge your wrongs, as I will revenge mine."

"Pardon me, Captain," said Roger. "What is this I see? the red silk cross—what? has she taken this off and renounced companionship? So do I. I cannot serve against the father Del' Peyra or the son who spared my life." He plucked at the cross on his shoulder, then with his dagger unripped it, tore it, and threw it on the table.

"Nor I," said Amanieu surlily, "not because they spared me, but because you kicked down the plank." And he also tore off his cross and flung it on the table.

(To be continued.)

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The anti-toxin treatment of diphtheria, as I write, is the scientific sensation of the hour. Whether it is that the hopeful accounts of this remedy for a terribly fatal disease have inspired an interest in the matter, or that the pure science of the subject and the curious history of the anti-toxin itself have attracted special notice, I know not; but there remains no doubt of the high degree of public excitement over the cure which prevails. Week by week in the medical journals we read of the anti-toxin being tried—mostly, I am glad to say, with success. So that, without appearing to be over-sanguine regarding the ultimate and full success of the new diphtheria-cure, one may at least hold we are in the fair way towards being armed very completely against a scourge and plague of these latter days.

The principle of the anti-toxin treatment of diphtheria may be described very fairly by saying that it makes the germs of the disease fight against themselves. The phrase "anti-toxin" itself implies this much, as the toxin or virulent principle in question is that of the disease. M. Roux, Chef de Service at the Pasteur Institute, terms this mode of treating disease "serum-therapeutics." The serum is the fluid part of the blood; indeed, it is the blood itself, for the rest of that fluid is represented by the corpuscles. Now, blood-serum is a curious fluid enough in its way. It appears to possess, in the case of certain animals at least, germicidal powers of a very high order. It is as if nature has provided in the blood-liquid a means of fortifying the animal against germ-attack. To what these powers of the serum are due is, of course, still a matter of speculation. Whether these powers reside in the serum *per se*, or whether they depend on the white cells of the blood, or on a combination of both conditions, is as yet a moot point. But nature provides at least a starting-point in the serum itself, which, in a general way, may be said to be antidotal in its character to germ-attack, sometimes feebly, sometimes forcibly, and showing great variations in power, both as regards the animal to which the serum belongs, and the various germs on which its powers may be exercised.

The first anti-toxin to be obtained by scientifically treating the serum was that of tetanus, or lockjaw. Behring and Kitasato were the pioneers in this respect, and the anti-toxin of tetanus is used (with varying success) in the treatment of that malady. Notably tetanus is a very difficult and shifty disease to treat; but, as M. Roux remarks,

diphtheria presents a more hopeful aspect, because before its poison has fully done its work in the body we are warned by the appearance of the throat-membrane. The germ of diphtheria having been duly isolated and tracked down, and strong and virulent cultures of the germ having been obtained by growing the germ artificially, the resulting "toxin" is ready to be used for inoculating animals. The horse has been found to be the animal not only easiest to be "immunised"—that is, made proof against diphtheria-germ attack—but it can from its size afford the largest quantity of serum for the treatment of humanity. I believe there is one venerable cab-horse called "Mithridate" in the Pasteur Institute which has for three years supplied blood-serum for the treatment of diphtheria, and which, despite his occasional blood-lettings, enjoys the best of health, and if privately

on animals for the benefit of man. Inoculation of the lower animal is the necessary condition here to obtain the anti-toxin that is to combat the human ailment. If such experimentation is not to be regarded as permissible and justifiable, then such an opinion will simply be tantamount to our saying, Let the children perish, so long as lower creation is saved a passing pain—if pain it be. Nobody with a rational understanding, or a heart to feel at all, will err in placing the lower creation above the higher; and I hope for once we shall hear nothing of the tawdry sentiment which would tie and fetter the hands of science in its efforts to save us from the grasp of a terrible disease.

The other day, I received from Glasgow a printed communication denouncing scientific experimentation all round. It was contained in an envelope, the front of which was

filled with oburgations, the address being written on the back, where any available space was also occupied with expressions of a truly forcible character. I intend keeping this envelope as a curiosity, by way of demonstrating how thoroughly insane on any single topic a person may become, and how the faddism of the day, intemperate and illiberal in its essence, practically finds an outlet in the motto: "Down with everything that is up!" Here are samples of the oburgations of my Glasgow friend, who if he continues his favours really may end by demoralising the postal service: "Down with vivisection and all those fiends (sic) who uphold it! Down with medical despotism! Down with allopathic quackery! Down with drugs and drug doctors! Down with vaccination! Down with the proposed Pasteur Institute at Chelsea. Down with doctors who spread disease! [Certainly.] Down with all papers that advocate drug-taking! Down with Dr. A. Wilson in particular!" This is excellent for the front of the envelope. The back thereof bears: "Down with the cursed drug system! Down with filthy inoculation! Down with Pasteurism! Down with quackery! [I agree heartily.] Down with cruelty! [Ditto.] Down with drug hospitals!"

This is very sad, though it has an element of humour about it all the same. After perusing the literature of the envelope (I confess I did not read the pamphlet it contained) I came to the conclusion that there is only one righteous man in the world, and he lives in Glasgow. There are others who approach him nearly, though they hardly equal him in the vigour of his correspondence.

Among recent art publications the etching of Mr. Henry Kerr's successful picture, "The Minister's Man," (Aitken, Dolt, and Co., Edinburgh) will attract

all who can sympathise with the humour of Mr. Barrie's and Mr. Crockett's writings. Mr. Kerr has touched with real sympathy the "pawky" attendant on the minister, who often suggests by his ways and walk that he even more than his chief is the true pillar of the Kirk. The etching is carefully executed, and shows a richness of tone not often met with in works of this size and character. "The Silver Dart," from the picture by Mr. J. Clayton Adams, is the subject chosen by the Art Union of London for distribution this year. The etching of the work has been entrusted to Mr. David Law, who has acquitted himself with his accustomed delicacy and good taste, and has faithfully translated the artist's ideas.

A terrible disaster, causing the loss of seventy-nine lives, occurred off the northern coast of New Zealand on Sunday night, Oct. 28, to the steam-ship *Wairarapa*, belonging to the New Zealand Union Shipping Company, from Sydney, New South Wales, to Auckland. The ship, in rough weather, ran on the Great Barrier Reef, outside of the Gulf of Hauraki, and was wrecked. The captain, named Mackintosh, twenty of the crew, and fifty-eight passengers were drowned.



"Father, what has happened?"

consulted, and able to express his feelings, would, I am certain, much prefer his present life to that of the streets. In three months, M. Roux says, the horse, inured to the diphtheria-germ by inoculation, may often be brought to such a degree of immunity that no ill-effects are experienced after inoculation with a tremendous dose of the diphtheria toxin.

I think we are face to face nowadays with a new and very important phase of the healing art. When germs were first discovered to be the chief causes of the diseases which decimate us, we were apt to stand aghast at the long list of our microbial enemies. Slowly but surely, science, ever-helpful, has been discovering ways and means of combating their attack, and at last the germ has actually been "hoist with its own petard." Its hand has been turned against itself, and ourselves and our children—the greatest sufferers from diphtheria, by the way—are being provided with the means to save untold pain, misery, and risk of death itself. This is a true cause for rejoicing, because such resource represents "saving knowledge" of the most typical kind. And, by the way, let me add a word to those who object to experimentation





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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 28, 1894) of Mr. Henry Danson, M.D., of 27, St. John's Wood Road, who died on Sept. 12, was proved on Oct. 27 by Robert John Martinez, Alfred James Bell, and George Richard Hemmerde, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £119,000. The testator bequeaths £550 to University College Hospital; £500 to the Royal Free Hospital (Gray's Inn Road); £100 to the National Life-Boat Institution; £50 each to the Railway Benevolent Institution (Drummond Street) and the Chichester training ship; £25 to the Metropolitan Drinking-Fountain Association; the furniture and effects at his principal residence and £300 to his wife, Mrs. Mary Danson; and his freehold residence, 27, St. John's Wood Road, and £250 per annum to his wife for life, she remaining his widow. These gifts to his wife are in addition to the benefit she derives under their marriage settlement. He also bequeaths his furniture at a house in Blomfield Road and £5200 to his niece, Mrs. Mary Margaret Danson Martinez; £10,100 to his great-nephew, Robert John Martinez; and a further £20,000 on his marriage, £15,000 of which is to be settled; and legacies to other of his own and his wife's relatives, executors, servants, and others. All his freehold property in the county of Cumberland and St. John's Wood Road he devises to the use of his said great-nephew, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively, according to seniority in tail male. His leasehold property he leaves, upon trust, to go with his freehold property in Cumberland, but for twenty-one years after his death the rents are to be capitalised. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay £400 per annum to his niece, Mrs. Martinez, and the remainder of the income for twenty-one years, if she should so long live, is also to be capitalised. At his niece's death, the residue is to be divided between all her children in equal shares.

The will (dated March 19, 1892) of Miss Elizabeth Rachel Fowler, of 16, Brunswick Terrace, Brighton, who died on Sept. 4 at Drayton Manor, Cosham, was proved on Oct. 26 by Major William James Fowler, Major William Merrick Fowler, and the Rev.

James William Geldart, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £74,000. The testatrix bequeaths £30,000 upon the trusts of the marriage settlement of her cousin, Frances Levine Fowler; £20,000, upon trust, for the said William Merrick Fowler, for life, and then for his children equally; £10,000 to the said William James Fowler; and legacies to her executor Mr. Geldart and to servants. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to Mrs. F. L. Fowler, absolutely.

The will (dated Nov. 8, 1882), with three codicils (dated April 3, 1887; May 11, 1889; and Sept. 18, 1893), of Mr. Matthew Piers Watt Boulton, of Tew Park and Haseley Court, Oxfordshire, who died on June 30 at Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, was proved on Oct. 29 by Mrs. Pauline Boulton, the widow, Lionel Boulton Campbell Lockhard Muirhead, the nephew, and William Chauncey Cartwright, C.B., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £63,000. The testator bequeaths his wines and consumable stores and £500 to his wife; all his furniture, pictures, books, plate, scientific instruments, statuary, articles of vertu, articles of household use or ornament, horses and carriages to his wife for life, but his eldest son on attaining twenty-one has the option of purchasing any part thereof at a valuation; £200 each to his executors; and £250 to Madame Agathe Moya de la Torre of Toledo. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon trust for his wife for life or until her marriage again, and then, in equal shares, for all his children, except his son who succeeds to the estates under the settlement made by his father, Matthew Robinson Boulton. His daughters, Marianne Aubrey Wynne, and Ethel Boulton, are each to bring into hotchpot £10,000 in respect of moneys appointed to them under the marriage settlement of their mother; and provision is made for his said daughters having half their fortunes paid to them a twelve-month after his death.

The will (dated Aug. 30, 1893), with a codicil (dated Dec. 12 following), of Mrs. Helen Mary Williams, of 16, Brandram Road, Lee, Kent, who died on Sept. 3, was proved on Oct. 20 by Thomas Barnes Williams and Miss

Betsey Ann Burton Williams, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £36,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to the Rector and churchwardens of St. Margaret, Lee, upon trust, to invest same and apply the dividends for the benefit of the poor of the parish; £50 each to St. Andrew's Waterside Church Mission and St. Andrew's Convalescent Home, Folkestone; £25 to the Lady Adelaide Orphanage, Brondesbury; her leasehold residence, 16, Brandram Road, with the furniture and effects (except some jewellery and plate specifically bequeathed), to her sister-in-law Miss Betsey Ann Burton Williams, for life; £6000 to her said sister-in-law; £1000 to her sister-in-law Mary Matilda Williams; and numerous legacies to her own and her late husband's relatives, god-children, friends, and servants. The residue of her property she gives to her late husband's nephew, Thomas Barnes Williams.

The will (dated April 22, 1876), with two codicils (dated March 27, 1877, and Jan. 30, 1878), of Mrs. Charlotte Warington Puckle, of 14, Montpelier Crescent, Brighton, who died on Aug. 6, was proved on Oct. 9 by Joseph Kay, the nephew and surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £20,000. The testatrix bequeaths £200 to the Sussex County Hospital, Brighton; and numerous legacies to relatives and others. All her freehold property at Worthing or elsewhere and the residue of her personal estate she gives to her niece, Frances Charlotte Watson.

The will (dated Sept. 13, 1894) of Mr. Robert Pinkney, formerly of 90, Piccadilly, and late of 42, Half Moon Street, who died on Sept. 29, was proved on Oct. 25 by Charles Smith Routh and Henry Herbert Taylor, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £16,000. There are some pecuniary and specific legacies to executors, cousins, and friends. The residue of his property he gives equally between Charles John Todd, Charles Samuel Routh, and his cousin, Henry Herbert Taylor.

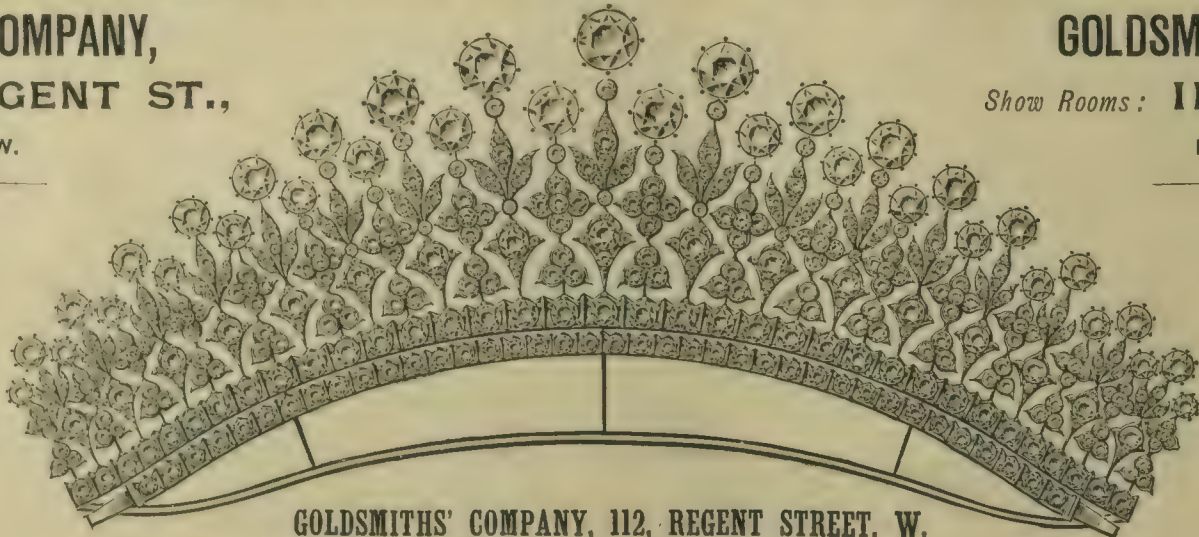
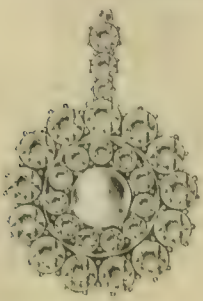
The will (dated Nov. 22, 1878), with a codicil (dated Feb. 11, 1888), of Mr. Joseph Francis Atkinson, of Glenwood, Pitsmoor, Sheffield, who died on July 5, was proved

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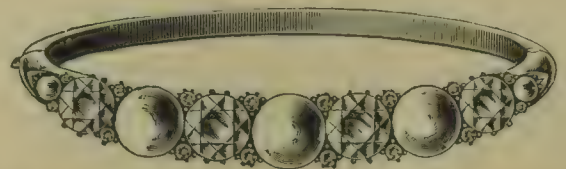
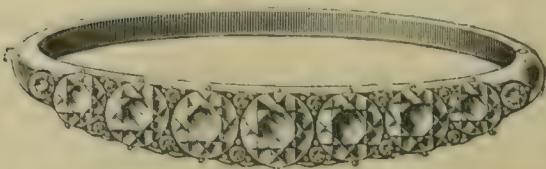
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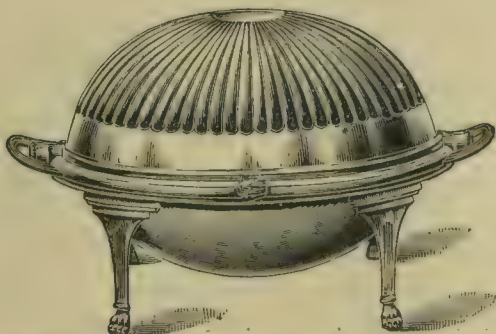
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on Oct. 23 by Mrs. Catherine Atkinson, the widow, and Edward Atkinson, the brother, the executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £20,000. The testator bequeaths certain trust funds, £1500, and all his furniture and effects, to his wife. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, or until her marriage again, and then for his children. In default of children, on the remarriage of his wife, the residue is held upon trust for her absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated June 2, 1888), with a codicil (dated July 28, 1890), of Mrs. Caroline Emly, of Newport Cottage, Lincolnshire, who died on Aug. 9, was proved on Oct. 17 by John Swan and John Henry Burstall, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £10,000. The testatrix bequeaths an annuity to an old servant; and leaves the residue of her property, upon trust, for her daughter Ann for life. At her daughter's death legacies to her executors become payable, and the ultimate residue is to go to the children or issue of her daughter as she shall appoint.

Letters of Administration of the personal estate of M. William Henry Waddington, formerly the French Ambassador to Great Britain, of 31, Rue Dumont d'Urville, Paris, who died on Jan. 13, were granted on Oct. 22 to Mrs. Mary Alsop Waddington, the widow, limited to certain trust funds in this country, of the value of £7685, standing in the deceased's name as the surviving trustee under a settlement made on the marriage of Miss Olivia B. Goodlake and Comte de Louis Pierre Gilbert de Lasteyrie.

## OBITUARY.

SIR TALBOT CLIFFORD CONSTABLE, BART.

Sir Frederick Augustus Talbot Clifford Constable, of Tixhall, in the county of Stafford, D.L., third baronet, died on Oct. 24. He was born June 30, 1828, and married Mary Ann, elder daughter of Mr. William Herring, of St. Mary's, Scilly Islands. The deceased Baronet was formerly major in the York Militia. He succeeded his father, whose only son he was, Dec. 23, 1870. The title dates from 1815, when Thomas Hugh Clifford was created a baronet at the especial desire of Louis XVIII., King of France.

The surnamed arms of Constable were assumed by sign-manual in 1821.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. William Austin Power, the "Queen's own Messenger," who had been in the royal service for thirty-six years, on Oct. 28, aged fifty-six.

The Hon. and Rev. Charles L. Courtenay, Canon of Windsor and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, on Oct. 29, aged seventy-eight.

The Right Hon. Sir Patrick Keenan, K.C.M.G., C.B., President of the Board of Commissioners of National Education, at Glasnevin on Nov. 2, aged sixty-eight.

For forty-six years he had served with industry and efficiency the cause of education.

Mr. C. E. Kane, of the *Times of India*, while travelling to England on board the *Sutlej*, recently.

Clwydfardd, the Welsh Archdruid, on Oct. 20, aged ninety-four.

The Rev. James Howie, one of the oldest Congregational ministers in Australia, recently, aged seventy-five.

Dr. Heinrich Rudolf Hildebrand, Professor of German Literature at Leipzig University, on Oct. 28, aged 70. He was one of the chief contributors to Grimm's monumental "Dictionary of the German Language."

Lieutenant-General Philip Smith, C.B., on Nov. 1, aged fifty-seven.

Admiral James Newburgh Strange, on Nov. 1, aged eighty-two.

Mr. John Walter, chief proprietor of the *Times*, of which for fifty years he had been the great inspiring influence, on Nov. 3, aged seventy-six.

The Right Rev. Alfred Blomfield, D.D., Bishop Suffragan of Colchester since 1882, on Nov. 5.

The Rev. William A. C. Fremantle, who had only recently gone to India as a missionary, aged twenty-nine.

Mr. Thomas Cave, formerly Liberal M.P. for Barnstaple, on Nov. 2, aged sixty-nine.

Mr. Edward Johnson, Liberal M.P. for Exeter 1880-85, on Nov. 2, aged sixty-one.

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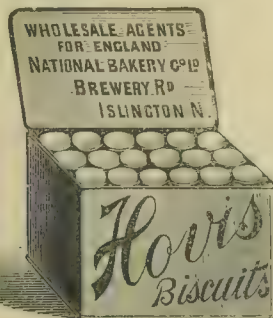
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## A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

Domestic politics in the reviews this month are superseded by a mild controversy about the relative merits of China and Japan. True, Mr. John Redmond raises in the *Nineteenth Century* his accustomed wail about the desertion of the Irish cause, and Mr. Edward Dickey advises the House of Lords not to reject in principle one man one vote and the reduction of the qualifying period for the franchise, but to circumvent them by raising another issue. However, it is to the East that the old diplomatic hands and Asiatic students generally are striving to lure the public interest. Will Japan conquer China? Will Russia interfere? Ought the Government to have made a treaty which deprives British subjects in Japan of the privileges of Consular jurisdiction? Are the Japanese really intelligent, or is their genius only a higher form of mimicry? On these questions there is a bewildering diversity of opinion. Professor Boulger says in the *Nineteenth Century* that the victory of the Japanese will be shortlived, and that they can never cross the Yalu River in the face of a powerful Chinese army. Unfortunately for Professor Boulger, the Japanese crossed the Yalu and the powerful Chinese army ran away before his article appeared. Sir Thomas Wade declares in the *Contemporary* that if the Japanese can take Mukden

the Manchu dynasty will receive a serious shock, and he expresses a very low opinion of the Chinese soldiery, whose numbers, in his judgment, count for nothing in the total absence of science. A writer in *Blackwood* takes the same line; and a military authority in the *New Review* entrenches himself cautiously behind tabulated figures. In the *Fortnightly*, Mr. Savage-Landor tells some stories designed to illustrate the flimsiness of Western culture in Japan. It would be difficult to find anything flimsier than the article in the *Nineteenth Century* on Christian Socialism by the Duke of Argyll, who dwells with becomingunction on the temptation to dogmatise rather than to reason, and is very severe on young clergymen who preach doctrines at variance with laws which the Duke of Argyll declares on his own *ipse dixit* to be divine. It is refreshing to turn to Mr. Buckman's article in the same review on the habits of babies and monkeys. Incidentally, Mr. Buckman suggests that the aptitude of the vacuous Johnnie for sucking the handle of his walking-stick may be traced to the primitive sense of comfort which the infant finds in sucking his thumb. This is a natural law to which the Duke of Argyll would probably deny the sanction of divinity.

Of all the debatable topics this month, there is nothing so unattractive and futile as the "living pictures" in the *New Review*, unless it be the subject which is discussed by

various writers in the *Humanitarian*. There are always people who suffer from an unwholesome itch to start this question, but nothing whatever is gained by gratifying them. One of the most fascinating of historical puzzles, the true character of Antonio Perez, is discussed in the *Nineteenth Century* by Major Martin Hume with a fullness of knowledge which illustrates a remarkable episode in Spanish annals. Theologians will get a new stimulus from Mr. Rendel Harris's paper in the *Contemporary* on the newly discovered Syriac Gospel, which contains some startling heterodoxy. The text seems to be a mass of inconsistencies, and I suppose that generations hence people will be arguing whether the contradictions are due to heretical or to orthodox interpolations. Meanwhile, one may be permitted to express a mild wonder that the interpolator, whoever he was, did not shape the entire story according to his views, instead of leaving it to speak with two voices. At present it offers a suitable exercise for the ingenuity of Mr. Athelstan Riley, and might be adapted to what that gentleman calls "definite Christian teaching" in the London Board Schools. In the *Contemporary*, by-the-way, the Rev. John Clifford asks what infallible authority is to "define" Christian dogma for the purposes of public elementary education. I do not know, but it may comfort some people to learn that there is really an approach to certainty with regard to the character of Captain Kidd. A

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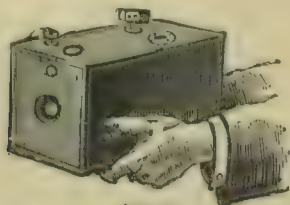
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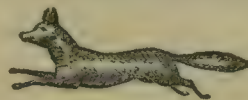
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writer in *Harper's* gives an interesting account of New York at the time when it was a nest of buccaneers, who were in league with the merchants of the city. This may explain the ancestry of Wall Street. Kidd's ship was a pirate, but he denied responsibility on the ground that he was put under hatches by mutineers, who started buccaneering on their own account. At any rate, when Kidd was tried in London, piracy was not mentioned in the indictment, and he was executed for the alleged murder of a mutinous sailor whom he had brained with a bucket. From this it would appear that, as times went, Kidd was an honest seaman, and not in the least like Captain John Davis of the *Sea Ranger*, whose company in Mr. Stevenson's "Ebb-Tide" is so distasteful to Mr. Andrew Lang. Indeed, Mr. Lang remarks in *Longman's* that he is quite unable to take any interest in the characters of that book because their

morals and manners are not to his liking. It is not easy to see what such criticism has to do with the merits of a work of fiction; and I am forced to remind Mr. Lang of Orlando's retort to the objection of the melancholy Jacques to Rosalind's name: "There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened."

It is noteworthy that the interest of the *Century* in Abraham Lincoln is for the time exhausted, and that a new historian in the person of Mr. William Sloane has undertaken a monumental work about Napoleon. Judging from the first instalment, I am afraid that Mr. Sloane, though conscientious, is almost as ponderous as the opening chapters of Mr. Mallock's new novel in the *Fortnightly*. For unconscious humour it would be difficult to match M. Paul Verlaine's poem in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, which is all about a bard who crossed the Channel—there is a picture

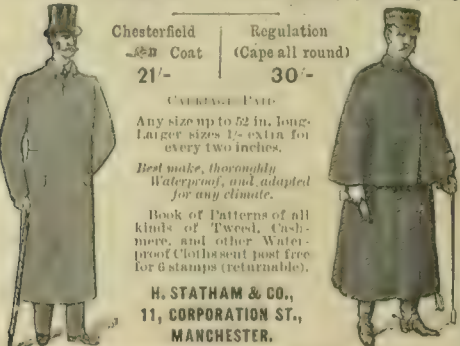
of him on deck, evidently very ill—in order to raise funds for a trifling present—diamonds, pearls, and so forth—to a lady. He describes how the ship goes up and down, and how the sailor, *courageux et beau*, struggles with the waves—a delicate compliment to the hero who on these occasions fetches basins for sixpence. Perhaps this moving legend is meant to capture the French Academy. The *English Illustrated* has pleasant papers about Lord Russell of Killowen, by Katherine Tynan, and "Popular Art," by Mr. Mason Jackson. In "The Pessimist of Plato Road," Mr. George Gissing presents a type of fool who has excited public sympathy before now, and has even been extolled by philosophers. Mr. Anthony Hope's "Dolly" vein is somewhat thin in the *Idler*. The *Magazine of Art* begins a new volume with an excellent number.

L. F. AUSTIN.

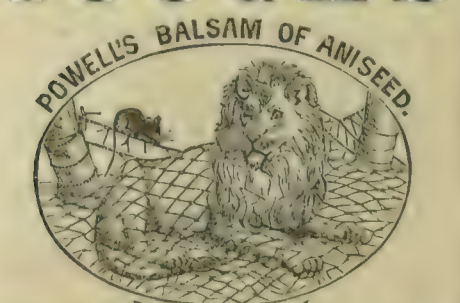


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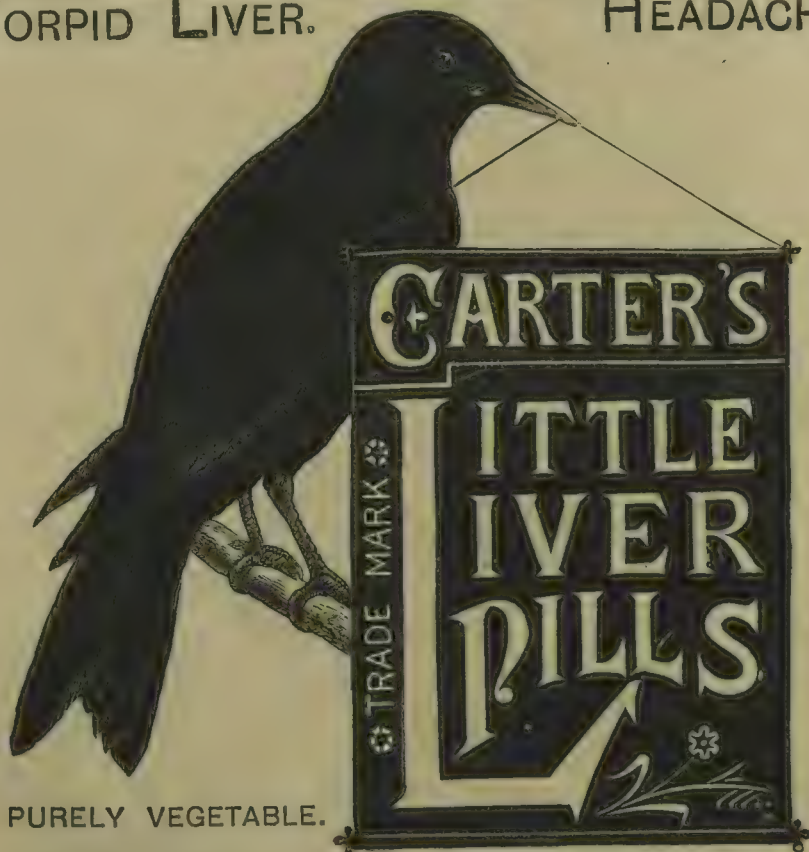
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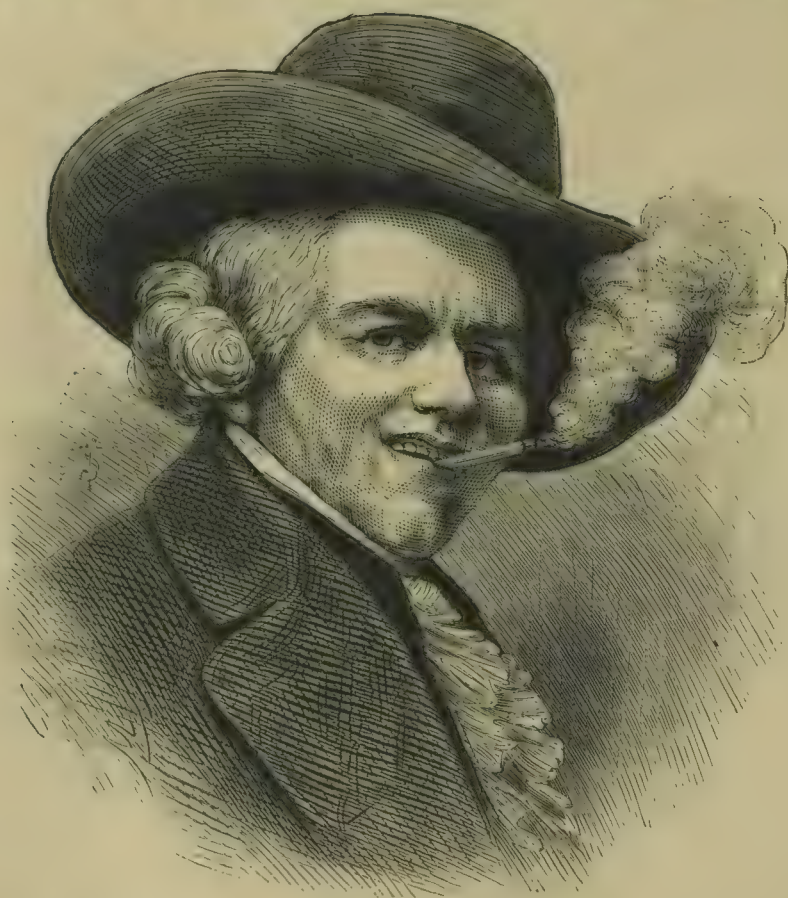


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A DOSE WILL RELIEVE IT.  
HAVE YOU A COLD?  
A DOSE AT BEDTIME WILL REMOVE IT.

ESTAB. 20 YEARS.

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"My youngest daughter was cured of a very heavy cold before she had taken the second bottle, when in a weak state, and has been stronger ever since. All my family use it now with great benefit when they have colds."—E. EVANS, Chapel House, Abernethy.

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SUPPLEMENT TO

Nov. 10, 1894.

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



## The late Czar of Russia.



THE EXHIBITION  
OF  
ILLUSTRATED ARTISTIC POSTERS  
AT  
THE ROYAL AQUARIUM.

There is at the present moment at the Royal Aquarium an Exhibition of illustrated posters of various countries, an exhibition which is not without interest, and well deserves a visit. Our Readers will therefore be pleased to hear something about it from an independent standpoint. This exhibition, which will be open daily for another two months, comprises two hundred and four posters of different dimensions. We remarked in particular the posters of the *Pall Mall Budget*, by Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen; those of Mr. Dudley Hardy, so elegant in style and graceful in form, notably the posters of *To-Day*, the *Gaiety Girl*, and that of *St. Paul's*, of which the mysticism full of poetry seems to hover above our struggling everyday existence. We notice also Mr. Raven-Hill's posters of *Pick-Me-Up*, as well as that of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, of an aspect so singular as to leave in the mind of the observer a feeling of unrest. One is inclined mentally to question this personage of an epoch envisaged through the exaggerated hallucinations of a nightmare. One seems to have already seen this woman: one has dreamed of that gait—when? where? It would appear that the artist has excelled in fixing something which we should not have otherwise been able to define. We observe, also, Messrs. Baggerstaff and Mr. L. Boyle, and above all, Mr. Manuel, whose drawing, rather than poster, is of the most bizarre strangeness.

Among the French posters may be cited those of the master in his art, Jules Chéret, who himself fills a good quarter of the exhibition with nearly fifty posters, of which the most remarkable are certainly those of

Reproduction of one of Mr. Chéret's posters exhibited at the Royal Aquarium.



*Géraudel's Pastilles*—reproduced on this page—and that of the *Courrier Français Illustré*, both so typical of Gallic fancy. With these two posters, which are absolutely superior, we also notice those of the *Moulin Rouge*, the *Jardin de Paris*, the *Elysée Montmartre*, *Géraudel's Purgative*, the *Casino de Paris*, one representing *Behind the Scenes at the Opéra*, the *Saxoline*, *Fleur de Lotus*, *Louise Balthy at the Alcazar d'Été*, &c. After Chéret may be placed M. Grasset, whose *Place Clichy*, *Jeanne d'Arc*, &c., are veritable works of art; lastly, Anquetin, with *Dufay at the Horloge*, and the graceful artist, Willette, who is called in Paris the grandson of Watteau, and who is represented by *The Déjeuner of a Parisienne* under the heading of *Le Courrier Français*. As the name of this paper crops up again, we may mention, as a morsel of news interesting to such of our readers as are collectors of posters, that the publishers of the *Courrier Français* of Paris (19, Rue des Bons-Enfants) supply all the posters by Chéret enumerated above, and others as well which, unfortunately, do not appear at the exhibition—incomplete, therefore, in this respect—and that they can be procured on conditions as to cost, excessively advantageous to the purchaser; as for instance, the superb poster of *Géraudel's Pastilles* is sold at three francs, a ridiculously low price considering the artistic value of this work. The *Courrier Français*, by the way, sends gratis to all applicants a list of the posters in question.

In conclusion, we regret that the Catalogue, in which a dozen of the exhibited posters are reproduced, and which Catalogue justly includes the reproduction of the *Géraudel's Pastilles* poster, *Behind the Scenes at the Opéra*, *At the Musée Grévin*, &c., does not reproduce any of the work of British artists. There is more than one work which should deserve this honour on the same grounds as the French posters. It is, however, an omission easy to repair, and we venture therefore to point it out to the publishers, and more particularly to Mr. Edward Bella, who has shown such laudable energy in bringing this enterprise to a successful issue.

J. R.

(Which act by Inhalation and Absorption DIRECTLY upon the Respiratory Organs)

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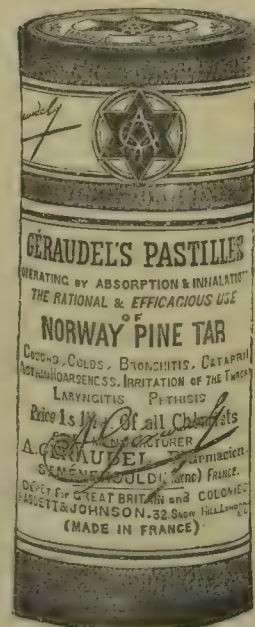
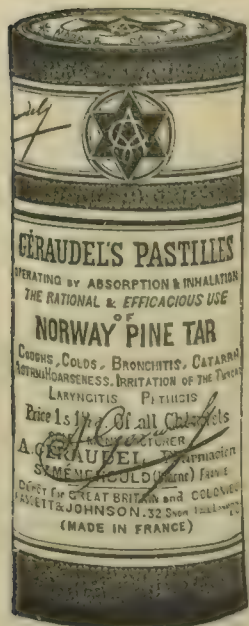
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# THE LATE CZAR OF RUSSIA.



IN MEMORIAM.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.





*Photo by Levitsky, St. Petersburg.*

ALEXANDER III., CZAR OF RUSSIA.



*Photo by Paselli, St. Petersburg.*

THE CZARINA.



ALEXANDER III. IN OLD RUSSIAN COSTUME.



THE CZARINA IN OLD NATIVE DRESS.



## ALEXANDER III. OF RUSSIA.

It will be impossible to form a true estimate of the character of Alexander III. until facts, and documents, and motives which are still a sealed book are given to the world, and in Russia they wait long before revealing the contents of their State archives. The personality of the late Czar, in spite of his simplicity in some things, was a most perplexing one. Someone aptly described him as a "psychological enigma." He was a large but by no means a luminous figure on the canvas of his time, and it was hard to say which of his ancestors he most



Photo by George Hansen, jun., Copenhagen.

ALEXANDER III., CZAR OF RUSSIA.

resembled. Perhaps it would be near the truth to say that he was a kind of Frankenstein monster compounded of fragments of the characters of some of his predecessors on the throne of the Romanoffs. In his prime, he enjoyed the physical strength of the Great Peter without Peter's tremendous energy; and his physical courage was never of the highest. There were some traits in his mental composition which reminded one of his great-grandfather Paul, who was deposed and strangled as a kind of dangerous lunatic; nor was he altogether without a taint of that dreamy idealism which distinguished his grand-uncle, Alexander I., of whom Madame de Staël said that his "character was a constitution to his subjects." Again, he had much in common with his grandfather, the despotic and reactionary Nicholas; while, on the other hand, his measures sometimes betrayed the benevolent and reforming spirit of his father, the "Czar Emancipator."

It may be said with perfect truth that Nature never intended the late Emperor to be the absolute irresponsible ruler of one hundred millions of his fellow-beings. But, by the death of his elder brother, Nicholas, he had greatness suddenly thrust upon him. He was trained for the career, not of a sovereign, but of a soldier, and yet it never appeared that Nature even intended him to be a soldier. He had the bulk and look of a heavy dragoon, and that was all. In this respect he resembled the late Emperor Frederick of Germany, who looked the most martial figure of his age, but in reality had neither taste nor capacity for the career of arms, and was content to let his Chief of the Staff win all the battles for which he got the credit. Like Frederick III., whom he also resembled in his tragic fate, Alexander III. had a positive distaste for soldiering, and was not in the least infected by that mania for marching-past, that *defiliriū tremens*, as it has wittily been called, which possesses the heart of his fellow-sovereign at Berlin.

But doubtless this disinclination of the Czar to make a show at the head of his troops was as much due to dread of appearing in public as to lack of passion for military pomp. The master of the largest army in Europe, Alexander III. was, nevertheless, not a military monarch like his grandfather Nicholas. His reign of thirteen years was passed without a war, and he was justly called the "peace-keeper" of Europe. But this title he gained less, perhaps, from his innate love of peace than from his acquired horror of war. From the campaign against Turkey—in which he had been the nominal commander of the Army of the Lom, and achieved successes that were more due to the blunders of his opponents than to his own brilliancy as a strategist—he returned home with a holy hatred of war and all its ways. Besides, his own experience in the field may have honestly convinced him that he had no great talent for war, and that

another campaign, with himself as necessary Commander-in-Chief, might only result in proving his unfitness for the post.

His Majesty was a mass of apparent contradictions. He was much belauded for keeping the peace so long, for the issues of peace and war lay in the hollow of his hand—though not more so than in that of the German Emperor or the Government of the French Republic. But surely that was a very peculiar love of peace which, while sparing Europe the calamity of an awful war, nevertheless plunged his own Empire into domestic struggles of the most internecine kind. This was a form of war which involved no risk to his own military reputation, but yet it was war of the most savage and relentless, if one-sided, kind all the same, a war of positive extermination against obnoxious races and religions. It was also a war prompted by ignorance and stupidity, seeing that the Stundists, or Methodists, formed the salt and social leaven of the great mass of Alexander's brutalised and degraded subjects, the true apostles of the Kingdom of God in an Empire groaning under all the odious devilries of a mediæval despotism. Alexander III. was frequently credited with great kindness of heart, and yet he lent his countenance to cruelties which placed him on the level of a Philip and a Torquemada.

If he becomes known to history by any special title at all, it will not be so much the "Czar Peace-Keeper" as the "Czar Persecutor," or perhaps even the "Czar Prisoner." For he ever lived in a state of real or imaginary siege, and his palaces were prisons. His journeys were hurried, furtive; and when he had occasion to travel from St. Petersburg to Moscow, or from Moscow to the Crimea, he simply passed through a lane of guardian troops. When he went to his coronation it was like passing to his execution. The Nihilists murdered his father with bombs, and they also made his own life so great a misery to him as to precipitate his end. There can be no doubt about it. The secret apostles of revolution, the advocates of reform were as directly responsible for the death of Alexander III. as of Alexander II. Fear had a deep hold of his nature, side by side with a capacity for courage; just as strange irresolution marked many of the acts of the monarch, who looked the incarnation of human will. Doubtless he was a truth-loving and truth-telling man, and yet he frequently allowed himself to be made the tool of the lying and the dishonest. The circumstances connected with the *Prinzenraub* form a case in point. And what can be thought of the intelligence and perspicacity of the man who was imposed upon by the famous forged dispatches relating to Bulgaria? Count Herbert Bismarck made no secret of his opinion that Alexander III. was endowed with no more than the mind of one of his own *moujiks*—a *Mujik-verstand*; and M. Stambuloff endorsed the judgment in a manner more emphatic than discreet. With an intellectual outfit scarcely equal to the task of ruling a hundred of his fellow-men, Alexander had been saddled with the responsibility of ruling a hundred millions of them. No one ever doubted his perfect honesty and his determination to govern well according to his lights, but the worst of him was that he let himself be guided by the counsel of men who, his superiors in mind, were inferior to him in the qualities of the heart. The exigencies of political expediency sometimes gave his words and actions the



Photo by Levitsky, St. Petersburg.

ALEXANDER III., THE CZARINA, AND THREE OF THEIR CHILDREN.

semblance of personal insincerity. This was the case, for instance, with the relations of France and Russia. The French persuaded themselves that they had a true friend and warm admirer in Alexander III., while, as a matter of fact, there was no one who entertained a deeper horror of Republican France, as being the hotbed of anarchy, irreligion, and all other modern abominations. The idea of entering into a formal alliance, a political *mariage de convenance*, with such a godless, reckless, and revolutionary people was never seriously entertained for a moment by the autocratic and Orthodox Czar of All the Russias.



The great mistake of his reign, the missing of the tide which, taken at the flood, would have helped him on to happiness, was the withholding of the quasi-parliamentary privileges which his father had actually decreed on the very day of his death. At first also he was for confirming this bequest, but reactionary counsels gained the upper hand over him, and he refused to grant concessions which might seem to have been wrung from him by the threats of the terrorists. It was his one great chance, and he missed it. Certainly he did much to cleanse the Augean stables of his Empire from its foul administrative abuses; but, on the whole, the tendency of his reign was more in the direction of reaction



Photo by Levitzky, St. Petersburg.

THE NEW CZAR, NICHOLAS II.  
BORN MAY 18, 1868.

than of reform. He gave his people no voice to express their grievances, their hopes, their aspirations. The nation continued dumb, and its mouth-piece was seldom anything but mute himself. Yet, even though he kept the mouth of his people muzzled, he would have stirred their enthusiasm had he but spoken out with the freedom and fervour which characterise the frequent utterances of his fellow-monarch in Germany. For those who are led, and even those who are driven, love to hear from time to time the voice of their leader or their driver. Whatever his failings as an autocrat, his domestic life was at once an exception and an example to all the other members of his family. A devoted husband and a doting father, he would have made a model subject; but, in making him a sovereign, capricious fate imposed on him a burden which he found it quite impossible to bear, and he succumbed to the effort, just as his deceased brother Nicholas, who would in all probability have proved a better Emperor, ultimately fell a victim to the physical strain or wrench which had been imparted to his constitution in a playful wrestling match with his cousin.

I have said that the late Czar was a devoted husband, and scandal never once breathed on his conjugal relations, as it has done on those of his father. His domestic life was as simple as it was pure; and he caused his children to be trained and educated with a severe absence of all softening luxury. About eleven years ago I chanced to be in St. Petersburg, and had the privilege of being conducted all over the Anitchkoff Palace, which had till then been the town residence of their Majesties. I was much struck by the quiet simplicity of everything. The school-room, in particular, of the imperial children was severity itself—a parish school-room, indeed, more than an imperial one. The walls, I remember, were not hung with maps, were pasted over with pictures of the chief battles in the Russo-Turkish War, taken from *The Illustrated London News* and other illustrated English papers. The aide-de-camp who acted as my guide spoke in the most touching terms about the tender relations existing between their Majesties, and, above all things, of the Czar's fond devotion to his children. No matter how late he might return home, he always made a point of coming to the cots of his little ones to kiss them in their sleep and cross himself over them.

Perhaps the reign of Alexander III. cannot be better characterised than by saying that the happiest hours of his life were those which he spent out of his own dominions. As Denmark had given him a wife, so it also afforded him an asylum; and the lawns of Fredensborg were much dearer to him than the terraces of Peterhof, the woods of Zarskoe-Selo, or the embowered walks of Gatschina—Fredensborg, with its château fronted by a statue to the Goddess of Peace, and the

Czar's study there emblazoned with the motto "*Fortissima consilia tutissima*." It would have been his boldest, and perhaps also his safest, policy to show himself to his subjects; but he dreaded those over whom he domineered, and loved to exchange the dangers of rule for the pleasure of romping on the sequestered lawns of Denmark with the numerous children of his royal relatives, who only knew and adored him as "Uncle Sasha." At the close of one of these annual visits to Denmark, he was saying good-bye to his favourite nieces—the daughters of the Prince and Princess of Wales. "Good-bye, my dears," he said as he kissed them, "you are going back to your happy English home, and I to my Russian prison." Alexander III. loved Denmark for the same reason and to the same extent as France was loved by Mary Queen of Scots, whose portrait hung over his writing-table at Fredensborg, opposite to that of Catherine II.

Says M. Leroy-Beaulieu, in the preface to the American edition of his great work on "The Empire of the Czars and the Russians"—a work which is forbidden in Russia: "The Czar Alexander Alexandrovitch, crowned in the Kremlin of Moscow, is not so much the contemporary of Queen Victoria as of Queen Isabel of Castile. The uprightness of his intentions, the loftiness of his character, are beyond all doubt, but neither he nor his people live in the same intellectual atmosphere with ourselves. He can, with a good conscience, sign *ukazes* that our conscience condemns. If, at the distance of four centuries, the Russian Czar takes against his Jewish subjects measures which recall the edicts issued in 1492 by *los Reyes Católicos* it is because Orthodox Russia is not unlike Catholic Spain of the fifteenth century. . . . For the last two centuries his country's history has been that of a pendulum drawn alternately towards two opposite poles. It oscillates between European imitation and Muscovite tradition. Just now the attraction of Moscow and the Russian Pole prevails, as it did at one time under Nicholas. The current is no longer, as under Catherine, Alexander I., and Alexander II., set towards Europe. Alexander III. prides himself in being, first and foremost, a national ruler. He is the Orthodox Czar of popular tradition—Russian, and nothing if not Russian. He seeks for no glory save that of embodying in himself his people. To him, the Russian Czar is Russia incarnate. With whatever feelings we may regard certain of his acts, it is impossible to deny the dignity of his personal character. Never, perhaps, has Russia had a ruler more profoundly imbued with his duties, more earnestly thoughtful for the welfare of his people. His qualities as a sovereign, his virtues as a man, are his own; his government methods are not. They are the outcome of the soil, of the autocratic system of which he is the representative, and which he deems it his mission to maintain in its integrity. This man, invested with the omnipotence which breeds the Neros and the Caligulas of the world, is an upright, honourable man. He is brave, simple, modest; he is calm and patient. He has shown a quality most rare with those possessed of absolute power—self-control."

Once in particular he lost this self-control, and that was when he made up his mind, at all costs and hazards, to get his cousin, Prince Alexander of Battenberg, removed from the Bulgarian throne. In an age rich in sensations, none was ever more engrossing than the drama, the tragedy of "The Two Alexanders." Mediæval still in most things, the Russia of Alexander III. never showed itself more startlingly so than in the methods it employed to compass its will with respect to the ruler who, while ready to show his patrons every mark of gratitude and consideration, most emphatically refused to become their tool. The Emperor's implacable rage



Photo by Levitzky, St. Petersburg.

THE GRAND DUKE GEORGE OF RUSSIA, SECOND SON OF ALEXANDER III.  
BORN MAY 9, 1871.

and spite were due to the fact that he had been grossly deceived. And so he had. But the deceit was much more on the side of his own servants than on that of the Prince; whom they wished to dragoon into being a mere unquestioning instrument of their imperious master, whom rage almost bereft of his reason. Alexander III. kept the peace for thirteen years, but he was as near as possible causing it to be broken then. He kept the peace, no matter what his motives—whether physical fear of war, humanity, irresolution, unpreparedness, dread of having himself to take the field—it is quite impossible to say. Motives are generally mixed. But he did keep the peace of Europe during all his melancholy reign, and that must always be placed to his credit as a set-off against the cruel and stupid persecutions of which he allowed so many of his own subjects to be made the victims.—CHARLES LOWE.



## RUSSIAN RULERS: PETER THE GREAT AND HIS SUCCESSORS.

More than two hundred years have passed since Czar Peter I. began his task of civilising his empire after the European pattern. Those most competent to judge aver that the result, after two centuries, is ludicrously inadequate to the grandeur of the initiative; they equally maintain that this comparative miscarriage of Peter's ambition



ANNA IVANOVNA.—1730.

does not detract from his claim to the title of "great." There is little doubt that the contention is justified. Peter, in spite of his Titanic vices, was truly great, for the virtues matched the vices in magnitude: the barbarian wielding the knout and the axe personally makes room every now and then for the captain who plants the Russian flag on three seas; the unbridled, lawless voluptuary, the terrible justiciary, becomes the father of his people in his solicitude for Russia's future mental, moral, and material welfare, for which he labours like the humblest artisan; the innate savage develops into the "Cultureros." Most of his successors on the throne of Russia have all his vices; none have his virtues, and only one has to a comparative degree the brutal candour and the brutal grandeur in the pursuit of both vice and virtue. In the one case, one has to record frank and open, though terrible justice, lawless and unbridled, but withal natural passion, violent but straightforward and overt vengeance; in the other, one



CATHERINE I.—1725.

gets almost stifled with the miasma of midnight assassination, degrading debauch, and secret corruption.

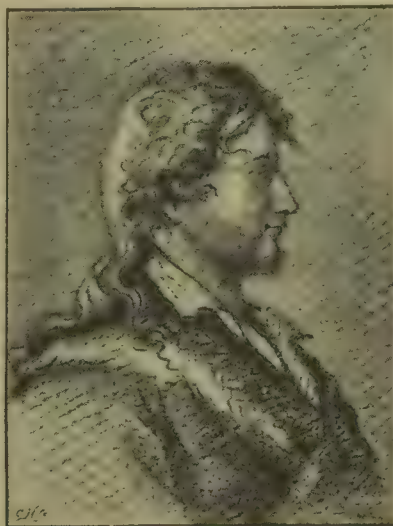
Peter gets rid of his first-born, not because he dislikes him—his letters to Alexis prove the very contrary—but because he knows that at his death the son will prove the greatest obstacle to the father's dream of making Russia feared as well as respected among the European nations.



PETER THE GREAT.—1689.

The execution of Peter's heir is a very different thing, though, from the murder of Ivan VI., the strangling of Peter III., the trampling to death of Paul I. For the reader had better make up his mind at once that we are treating of "a country whose government is a despotism tempered by assassination," as a high dignitary expressed it to George the Third's Hanoverian Ambassador, Count Münster.

With Alexis we have little or no concern; he died regretted by no one except, perhaps, by the father who had been compelled to remove him forcibly, not from his own path, but from that of Russia, whom he would have hampered in her progress. Peter, in spite of his genius, could not foresee everything. With a constitution such as his, even impaired as it was, he might still reasonably hope to live long enough to see his orphaned grandson, the child whom the gentle and sweet Charlotte of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel had borne the ill-fated Alexis, grow up to a man's estate. Fate willed it otherwise: the Titan fell when the lad was barely ten. In connection with this comparatively early death and the grandson's tender age, one thing became practically certain. With the experience of his son's misdeeds still vivid to his mind, Peter would not have left his country's future to the care of a lad whose character could not be guessed at that stage of life. "I would sooner have a worthy stranger for my successor than an unworthy kinsman, however near," he wrote on one occasion to Alexis; and on another he expressed himself to the same effect to an ambassador: "People consider it cruel when a Prince deprives his



IVAN VI.—1740.

nearest and dearest of the succession in order to save and to preserve his country, which should, after all, be more precious to him than all his blood relations. I, on the contrary, consider it the greatest of all cruelties to sacrifice the weal of the State to the mere dictates of hereditary rights." Hence, Peter would not have hesitated to bequeath his crown to a stranger. There was no necessity, however, to do that; his favourite daughter, Anna, the affianced Duchess of Holstein-Gottorp, would in all probability have proved such a worthy successor, if we may take Peter's partiality as a test of her worth as a

ruler. He asked for her on his death-bed, but she came too late. Though still breathing, he had lost all consciousness.

Before the body was cold, Europe had the indubitable proof that the deceased Czar's striving after a higher civilisation had been in vain as far as the European



PETER II.—1727.

system of succession was concerned, for the woman of all others whom he would have kept farthest from the throne usurped his crown and sceptre. The kitchen wench—if not worse—from Marienburg, whom subsequent Court-historians have endeavoured to transform into the maiden-widow of a Swedish soldier, the kitchen wench whom Peter had raised to the highest position in his empire, and who had not the common gratitude to remain true to him as a wife, was proclaimed Empress by the creatures of Menshikoff, who from that moment reigned in Catherine's name, and continued to reign when her death, two years and four months after her accession, brought Peter's rightful heir to the fore. Not for long, though. The position of a favourite under an Asiatic despotism—and Russia up to the present has never been anything else—is always precarious, even where the favourite is an honest man. Menshikoff was the reverse; he was the



ELIZABETH.—1741.

meanest curmudgeon as well as the most shameless thief in the empire, and fostered, moreover, the ambition of seeing his daughter Empress of Russia. To that end he had prevailed upon Catherine to make a will—which some competent historians have branded as a forgery—regulating not only the succession but the future matrimonial affairs of her twelve-year-old successor.



This was the last straw, but instead of its breaking the camel's back, it goaded the camel into revolt—the camel in this instance being represented by the four princes of the House of Dolgouroucki, who had designs similar to those of Menschikoff on the boy-Czar's hand for a princess of their family. Menschikoff was sent to Siberia; two years later Peter II. was betrothed to Princess Catherine Dolgouroucki, but before the marriage could be celebrated he was carried off by smallpox.

By that time, however, there had come into the world another grandson of the great Peter—namely, the child of that favourite daughter Anna, who had been summoned too late to her father's deathbed. Princess Anna had died, and

ignorant of her doings and those of her paramour Biren, alias Biron, originally a stable lad or something of that kind. After all, the plot of "Aurora Floyd" was not entirely evolved from Miss Braddon's inner consciousness.

The real reason was probably this. Prince Galitzin and some of his fellow-magnates, being anxious to put a

must either speak at great length or not at all. "We shall all be murdered in our beds," says an old dowager in a French play. "Isn't it the most comfortable place to be murdered in?" laughs a guest. Peter and his reputed son had not even that comfort granted to them. The one was strangled while sitting at supper; the other was dragged from his bed and kicked to death. Both deserved a better fate; for, compared to their female predecessors, they were spotless lambs. Two of Paul's sons occupied their father's throne—Alexander I. and Nicholas I. Alexander escaped being assassinated by the merest of accidents,



PAUL.—1796.

the boy was but eighteen months old. We shall meet with him again, but for the moment he is ruthlessly discarded, and so is Princess Elizabeth, the daughter of Peter the Great by his second wife. At the first blush this deliberate ostracism of Peter's direct heirs by the nobles appears to be inspired by Peter's own words about "a worthy stranger rather than an unworthy kinsman," but at the first blush only. To begin with, those magnates, with old Prince Dimitri Michael Galitzin at their head, could have had no definite idea with regard to the unworthiness of the future Peter III. (aged eighteen months) or the future Empress Elizabeth (age about seventeen or eighteen). Secondly, they probably did have some definite idea with regard to the worth, or absence of worth of all but one of their candidates, among whom were Peter's first wife, the bride-elect of the late Peter II., the Duchess Catherine of Mecklenburg, and Anna, Dowager Duchess of Courland, the daughters of Ivan V., elder brother of Peter the



PETER III.—1762.

more or less effectual curb upon the despotism of the Czars "for Russia's sake and not for theirs," had to that effect drawn up a kind of Magna Charta, which, however, met with a different fate from that of Runnymede. They fancied that Anna of Courland, by reason of her very equivocal position, would brook interference more tamely than any of the other candidates. They soon discovered their mistake, though too late to retrieve it, and for nearly eleven years had to submit to indignities and tyranny from the erstwhile groom, such as their forebears had suffered at the hands of Ivan the Terrible. For Czarina Anna was nothing more than Biron's puppet, his spell over her was never broken, and at her death she appointed him Regent during the minority of her grandnephew Ivan, whom she designated as her successor by will, and who at that time was not six months.

It is doubtful whether there be on record a more terrible drama than that of the boy-Czar, who was virtually buried alive at the age of two—for his imprisonment was nothing less than that—and lived till he was twenty-four without having vouchsafed to him one gleam of hope of delivery, until a moment or so before he fell by the assassin's knife.



NICHOLAS I.—1825.

and Nicholas I. killed himself in sheer rage at being baffled in his ambition. This last statement is sure to be contradicted whenever and wherever it appears, but in all that relates to Russian history we prefer to pin our faith on the memoirs of private gentlemen not belonging to that nationality than on the historians proper, especially of Russian origin. Not only did Nicholas kill himself, but Palmerston was as good as warned of the intended suicide several months before it did occur. His informant was Dr. Granville, an English physician long resident in St. Petersburg, who, by giving that and other information, endeavoured to prevent an outbreak of hostilities. Dr. Granville scarcely minced matters. According to him, the Czar had long suffered more or less from insanity, and in consequence of this was entitled to certain considerations. Palmerston bluntly replied that he could not have the policy of Europe, and least of all of England, shaped by



CATHERINE ALEXIEVNA II.—1762.

Great; consequently his nieces. These first three disappear from history as far as we are concerned, upon the fourth, and last the choice of the nobles fell, apparently for no other reason than that she was probably more unworthy than the others; for the conclave could not have been



ALEXANDER I.—1801.

Balzac has said somewhere that if James I. was the son of Rizzio all the evils that subsequently befell the House of Stuart were but the manifestations of God's vengeance. All the evils that have befallen the Romanoffs or the Holstein-Gottorps—call them whatever one will—for they have as much, or as little, right to the one name as to the other, seeing that there is not a drop of blood of either of these families in their veins; all the evils that have befallen them may be traced in the relentlessly logical consequences of that dastardly murder committed by Catherine II.; otherwise, "the Great," on a defenceless and innocent youth, a murder from which her immediate predecessor—namely, Elizabeth, Peter the Great's daughter, drunkard and degraded as she was, had shrunk; a murder which she, Catherine, could not commit until she had paved the way for it by a previous one, the murder of her husband, Peter III., the putative father of Paul I., who was murdered in his turn; for by that time assassination, and not the document drawn up by Prince Galitzin, had become the Magna Charta of the Russian nobles.

Of Elizabeth, Catherine, Peter III., and Paul I. one



ALEXANDER II.—1855.

a madman. Should this be contradicted I will certainly give additional chapter and verse for what I state. Alexander the Second's career is sufficiently well known to most readers not to need recapitulating here, and his second son's, that of the Czar who has just died, will be judged elsewhere.

ALBERT D. VANDAM.



## MARRIAGE OF THE LATE CZAR TO THE CZARINA.

The late Emperor Alexander III. of Russia, in November 1866, being then Czarvitch, or eldest son and heir-apparent to Alexander II., the reigning Emperor at that time, was married to Princess Maria Dagmar of Denmark, sister of the Princess of Wales. Her Royal and Imperial Highness, after her reception in the Greek Church and her formal betrothal to the Czarvitch, was thenceforth called "the Grand Duchess Marie Feodorovna." These preliminary steps towards her marriage took place on Oct. 24 and 25 of that year, in the chapel of the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg. On the first day the Princess was presented by the Emperor and Empress to the Metropolitan Archbishop, who went through the prescribed ritual of religious confirmation, asking her the ordinary questions upon the articles of the Orthodox creed, to which her Royal Highness, having been previously instructed by a priest, gave the usual answers in the Russian language; she then received anointment, kissed the sacred images at the altar, and partook of the Holy Communion, in the presence of a congregation of the whole Russian imperial family and Court. On the next day, in the same chapel, the diplomatic circle being also present, the betrothal ceremony was performed at the altar. The rings were taken from golden salvers by the Court confessor and by the religious instructor of the Princess, and were delivered to the Metropolitan, who, after a prayer, put them on the fingers of the young affianced pair; the Empress then advanced and exchanged the rings from one to another. A grand "Te Deum" was chanted by the clergy. In the evening there was a State dinner, followed by a Court reception and a ball, at which the Princess wore the Russian national costume in rose-pink and white, and a long veil of silver threads. An imperial manifesto announcing the betrothal was published on the following day. The wedding itself was solemnised at St. Petersburg on Nov. 9, when the Prince of Wales, the Crown Prince of Prussia, afterwards the German Emperor Frederick, and the Crown Prince of Denmark, brother to the bride, with several of the German Princes, were present. The Emperor and Empress of Russia were accompanied by their four other sons, brothers of the bridegroom—namely, the Grand Dukes Vladimir, Alexis, Serge, and Paul; and by their daughter, the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna; the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess



THE CORONATION AT MOSCOW, 1883: PRAYER FOR THE CZAR AND CZARINA IN THE CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION.

Constantine, with their two sons and one daughter; the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Nicholas, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Michael, the aged Grand Duchess Helena, aunt of his Majesty the Emperor; the Dowager Duchess of Leuchtenberg, his sister, with her sons and daughter; and the Grand Duchess Catherine, his cousin. There was a very splendid assembly in the chapel of the Winter Palace. As the imperial Court procession entered,

was fired at the neighbouring fortress. The newly married couple retired to the Anitchkine Palace. In the evening there was a State Ball in the St. George's Hall of the Winter Palace, and a splendid illumination of the city streets. *The Illustrated London News* contained sketches by Mr. William Simpson of the proceedings at this marriage. The murder of Alexander II., on March 13, 1881, placed his son on the throne. The coronation took place in 1883.



THE CORONATION AT MOSCOW: PROCESSION OF THE CZAR AND CZARINA AFTER THE CEREMONY.



## THE CITIES OF THE CZAR: MOSCOW.



THE KREMLIN.

Where is Moscow, the ancient capital of the Czars? Of course it is in Russia. But Russia now extends from Alexandrovo to Vladivostock, enclosing an area of about twelve million square miles, so that Alexander von Humboldt, despairing of making his readers realise the vastness of this area by the mere figures of geography, called in the help of astronomy, and showed that the portion of our globe which owns the despotic sway of

the Romanoff sceptre is larger than the surface of the moon at its full. Moscow is in Russia, but Russia in Europe or Russia in Asia? The map certainly assigns it to Europe; but a walk through the streets of this ancient and enchanting city, this head-centre and stronghold of aggressive Panslavism, makes the tourist doubt whether he has not already crossed the Asiatic border. For Moscow carries the imagination far away to the East, with its

orientally garbed inhabitants, its green and golden minarets and domes, its emerald roofs, its whitewashed masonry, its embattled walls, its myriad temples, and its thousand towers.

Eleven years ago, when I went to Moscow to describe the coronation of Alexander III., I remember that my first impression was one of great surprise at suddenly coming upon so grand a city. For the long and dreary wastes of



Photo by Paselli, St. Petersburg.

THE KREMLIN, WITH THE CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION AND GRAND HALL OF ST. GEORGE.



## THE CITIES OF THE CZAR: MOSCOW.



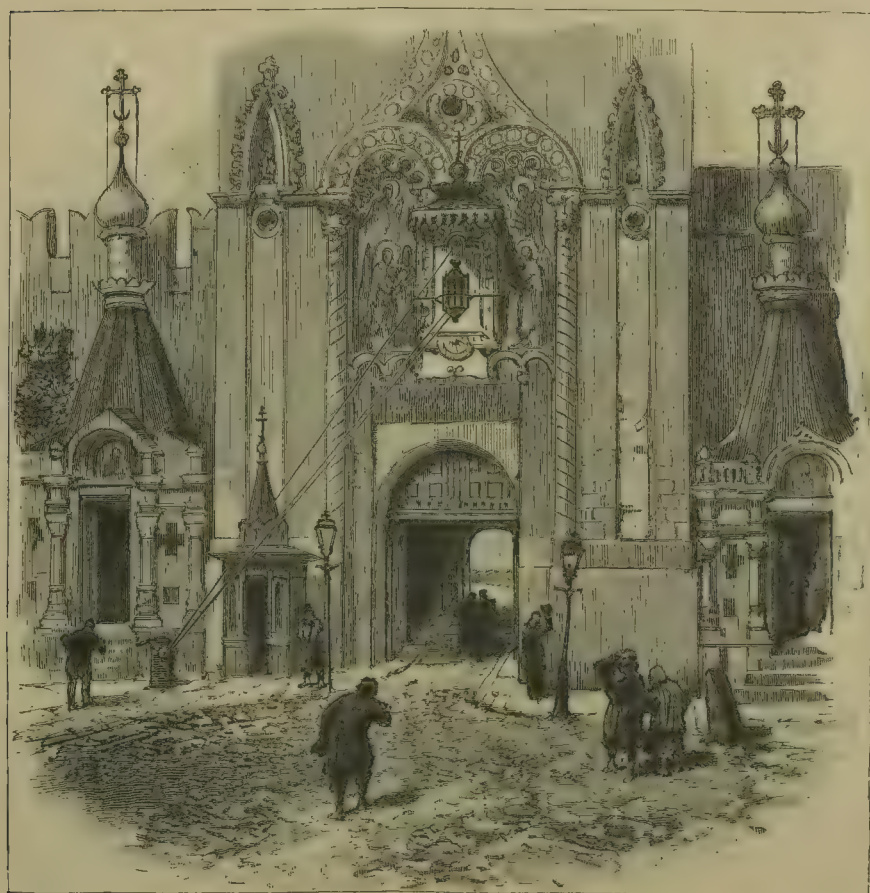
Photo by Pirelli, St. Petersburg.

GENERAL VIEW OF MOSCOW, WITH THE TEMPLE OF THE SAVIOUR, FROM THE KREMLIN.

moor and forest through which the train had slowly borne us from Warsaw into the very heart of the Empire of the Czars, with its ever-increasing signs of savagery and desolation, had led us to conclude that now we had left civilisation for ever in our wake. But, lo and behold! here we were again all of a sudden in what appeared to be a much older,

if decaying, centre of civilisation, than those in the Europe we seemed to have left behind us. Well may the heart of Napoleon have bounded with pride and hope as, after his long and laborious march into the Empire of his quondam ally, Alexander I., he crested the Sparrow Hills, that look down on Moscow as Corstorphine Hill does upon Edinburgh,

and gazed at the city of which the panoramic effect must have thrown that of his own picturesque Paris quite into the shade! "Napoleon," says an inscription at Kovno, in Lithuania, "marched through here with 700,000 men; he marched back with 70,000!" And no wonder that the Muscovites resolved to burn their ancient and magnificent



NIKOLSKY GATE OF THE KREMLIN, WITH MIRACULOUS IMAGE OF ST. NICHOLAS.  
*The picture over this gate is known as the "Dread of Perjurors" and "Comforter of Sufferers": all cross themselves in passing. Within the gate may be seen French cannon used in Napoleon's campaign in Russia.*



CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION, IN WHICH THE LATE CZAR WAS CROWNED.  
*This church is called the Uspenski Sobor, and is the Cathedral of Moscow.*



## THE CITIES OF THE CZAR: ST. PETERSBURG.

capital rather than let it fall into the hands of their invaders. It was thus that Lucretia also avenged her outraged honour by taking her own life. It was calculated that a grand total of 21,000 various buildings perished in the flames which drove away the French to succumb to the still more terrible effects of frost; yet the modern visitor to Moscow will perceive but few vestiges of that awful conflagration. The city still looks as ancient and unique as ever—like a Phoenix risen from its ashes, a type of the endurance and indestructibility of the Russian race.

And how very Russian is Moscow! No, it is more Muscovite than Russian. But for the language, you might almost fancy yourself at St. Petersburg to be in the capital of any country—it looks so very modern with its pre-tentious edifices and mathematically laid out streets. But at Moscow—no, you cannot doubt that you are anywhere but just where you are—in the Slavonic chief city of the great White Czars. There they scorn to speak any language but their own, as was said of the English by Lord Beaconsfield, and even in the chief hotels you will be fortunate if you find a waiter



Photo by Russell, Baker Street.

THE WINTER PALACE.

the pity and indignation of Mr. Swinburne as caused him to exclaim—

God or man, be swift, hope sickens with delay;  
Smite and send him howling down his fathers' way—  
Down the way of Czars, a while in vain deferred,  
Bid the Second Alexander light the Third.

From Moscow to St. Petersburg you can pass in about twelve hours by that railway which still follows the straight line despotically drawn with a ruler and pencil by Nicholas when appealed to by his dissentient engineers as to the true direction of the track. You pass from one capital to the other, from Moscow, which was founded by the Lord knows who—for its origin is lost in the mists of the ages—to St. Petersburg, which swiftly rose at the bidding of Peter the Great from a swamp that was fetid when not frozen; and then you are made to feel that you have jumped clean out of antiquity into modern times, or, at least, into times of which the architectural and social veneer makes them look most deceitfully modern. There is a stream at Moscow, winding past its Kremlin battlements and through its bridges, which enhances the panoramic effect of the city, as every river does. But this river is a mere brook compared with the Neva, which flows along to the Gulf of Finland through St. Petersburg in a broad and swift majestic current—more like an arm of the sea than a river. And it is this noble river which lends such an aspect of



Photo by Russell, Baker Street.

THE NEVSKY PROSPECT, WITH THE ADMIRALTY IN THE DISTANCE.

who can take your orders in anything but the tongue of Count Tolstoi, who, by the way, spends a great portion of the year under the shadow of the Kremlin. And where in all the world will you get another Palatine Hill like the Kremlin, with its ancient and embattled walls, enclosing such an extensive collection of palaces, churches, arsenals, and other stately edifices? Here the Czars come to be crowned, with a pomp that is more than magnificent, in the Church of the Assumption, which is scarcely so roomy as our own Temple Church; and here they also journey, as if to their sacred mount, to give forth their tidings of greatest moment *urbi et orbi*. It was here, for example, in the great Hall of St. George, that Alexander II., with his heir-apparent standing by his side, solemnly issued his message of war to Europe in 1876; as it was also here where the same Emperor gave a grand banquet on hearing of Sedan, and smashed the glass, as if good for no other purpose, with which he had toasted the conquerors of the French—very much this time to the disgust of his son and heir, who had urged him to draw the sword upon the uncompliant Turks. Gorgeous are the palaces, the churches, and even the jails of Moscow, to which, indeed, Mr. Kennan need not go for material to accentuate that picture of prison misery which so roused



Photo by Russell, Baker Street.

THE WINTER PALACE AND ALEXANDER I. MONUMENT.



## THE CITIES OF THE CZAR: ST. PETERSBURG.



THE NEVSKY PROSPECT.

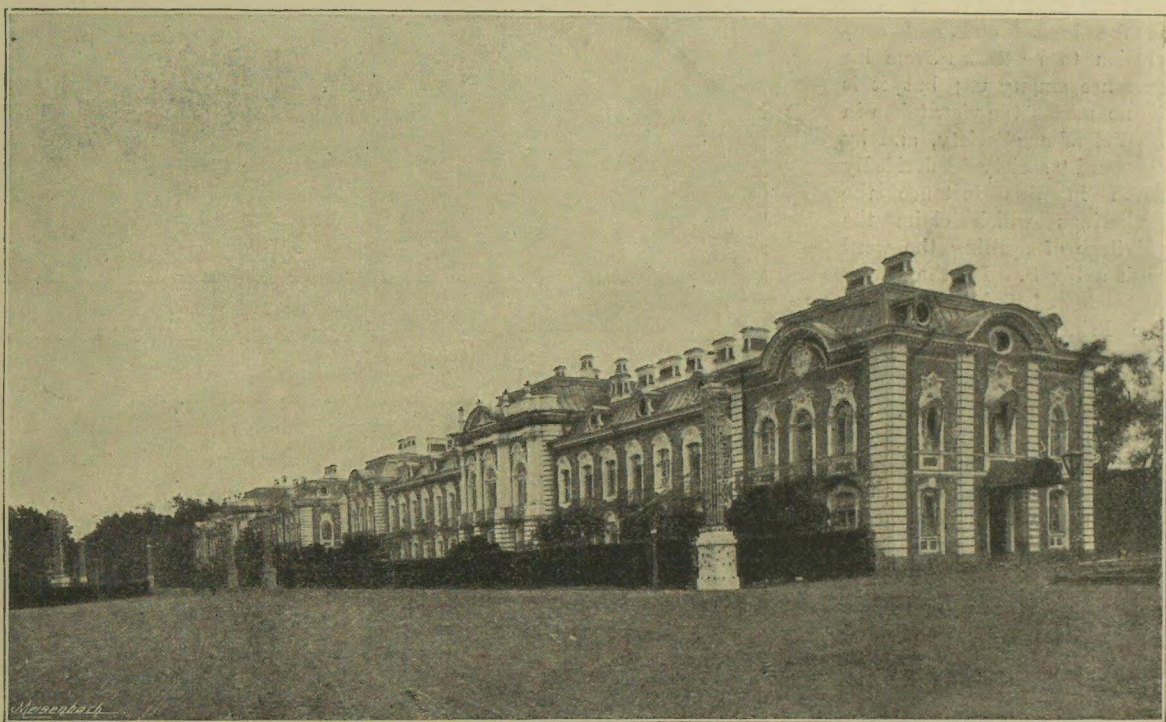
Photo by Pasetti, St. Petersburg.

majesty to Russia's modern capital. "*Jamais grand nez ne gâta beau visage.*" The Neva is the nose which gives the Great Peter's city so fine a face.

But to be seen at its best, it must be seen in winter, when the snow is on the ground, when the splendid river is bridged with ice, when the inhabitants are encased in their furs like tallow-eating Esquimaux, and when the streets are musical with the tinkling of the droschké-horses' bells. But even in summer it is a charming place—for a few days at any rate; and something like a feeling of incredulity mixed with wonder will possess the visitor when he is taken for a sail among the beautifully verdant islands, gay with gardens and graceful villas, which form a Polynesian Delta as of the Nile; or for a trip down the Gulf of Cronstadt, and past the frowning sea-forts—on which our "fighting Charlie" broke his too audacious teeth—to the Versailles-like terraces and palaces of Peterhof, than which nothing could be lovelier and pleasanter as a sea-side residence of royalty. Then you can spend another day at Zarskoe Zelo, and note the endeavours which have been made by the rulers of Russia to emulate the architectural and artistic elegance of the Kings of France; after which—but why should I summarise

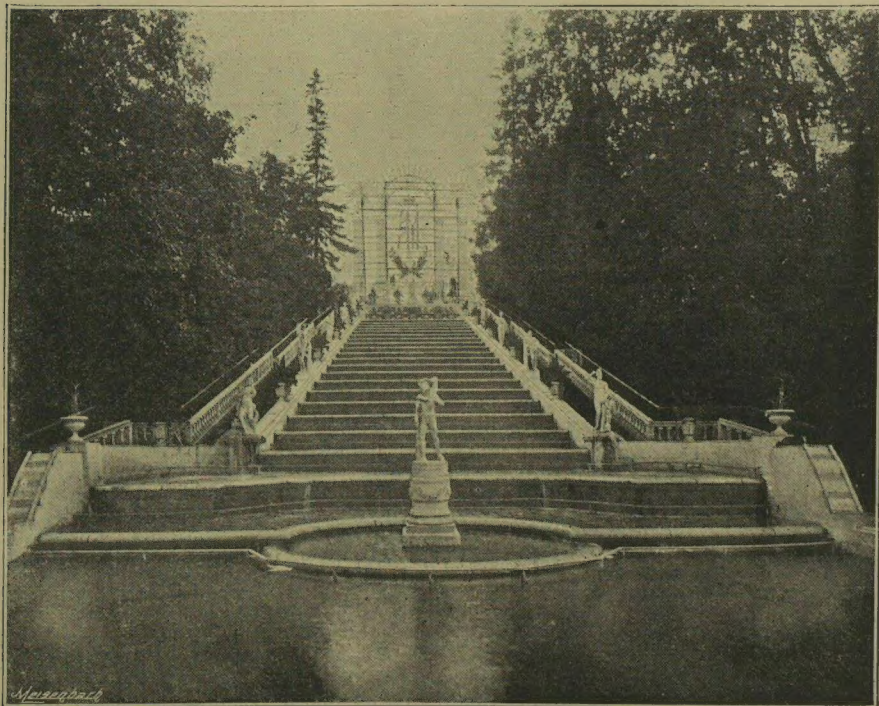
the sights which will be found specialised in Baedeker or in Murray?

Berlin is a fine city in its way, but it cannot hold the candle in point of magnificence, or call it majesty, to St. Petersburg. For the Spree is a mere open drain in comparison with the Neva, and nowhere will you find such an array of imposing buildings as line the banks, or at least the left bank, of this latter river—the Winter Palace and all the other palaces, the Hermitage, with its splendid art-collections, the statues, the columns, the Embassies on the English Quay, the Cathedral of St. Isaac towering over all with its massive dome; and over against all this the island fortress of Saints Peter and Paul (surely this was not the half-mad Emperor Paul), with its church forming the mausoleum of the Romanoffs, in which perpetual fire burns for the soul of the assassinated Alexander II. There was some talk of retransferring the seat of the Court from the new capital to the old one as a retributive measure, after the crime of March 1881; but it would never do to deprive the Russian capital of the advantages now given it by the sea. This would certainly be an extreme advance on the path of reaction which marked the last reign, and would almost make Peter the Great descend from the tall monument now standing on the spot which he found a swamp and converted into what is one of the most majestic and interesting cities in all Europe.—C. L.



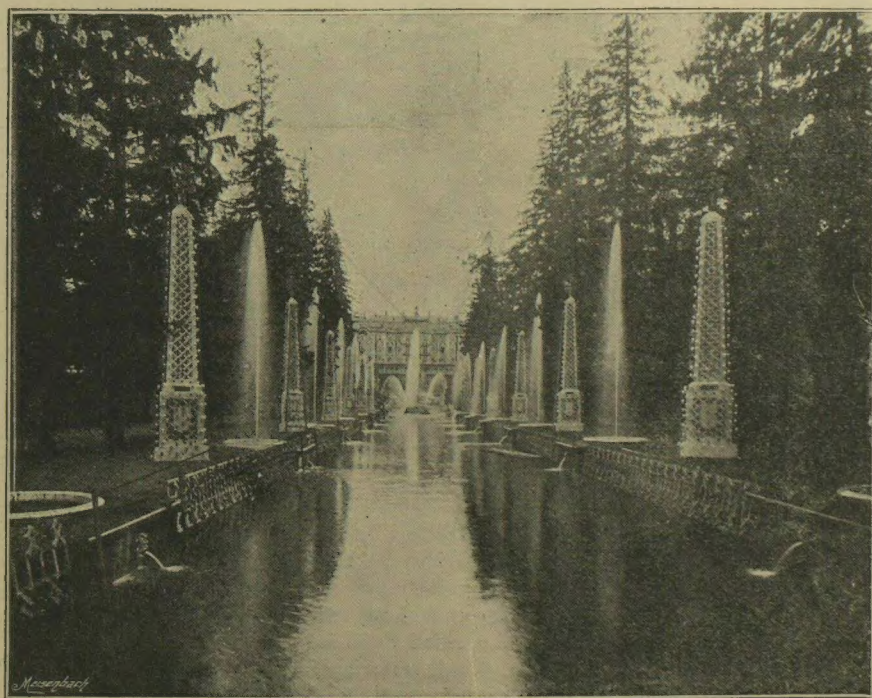
THE PETERHOF PALACE, NEAR ST. PETERSBURG.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street.



MARBLE STEPS AT THE PETERHOF PALACE.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street.



IN THE GARDENS OF THE PETERHOF PALACE.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street.



## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The few *silhouettes* I gave last week of the really or supposedly remarkable men in the immediate *entourage* of the late Alexander III. do not, of course, end the list. There are, moreover, a goodly number who, without having been in hourly and daily personal contact with the deceased sovereign, ought to figure here, and among these the most interesting to Englishmen will probably prove M. Staal, the Ambassador at the Court of St. James. If ever a diplomatist had a difficult task before him, it is assuredly he: the consideration which he enjoys with those who know him best among the present, past and, perhaps, future advisers of Queen Victoria is a sufficient proof how well that task has been performed. I do not feel quite convinced that this all-absorbing love of peace on the part of Alexander III., on which so much stress has been laid within the last few days, existed to the extent glib journalists of talent and their would-be imitators of no talent at all have tried to make out. It was probably the result of his determination *de faire bonne mine à mauvais jeu*, until Russia's policy, especially with regard to England, could be openly developed under more propitious circumstances.

One thing is, however, certain. M. Staal—for, as far as I know, there is no prefix to the Ambassador's name—is the right man to carry out that policy, whether it was intended to be permanent—still allowing for untoward complications—or merely temporary; proof whereof is that the deceased sovereign selected him for the post and kept him there. That is the logical and real conclusion to be drawn from his presence among us; but it is by no means the view taken in St. Petersburg Society, and by the word "society" I decidedly mean in this instance the gatherings which claim the privilege of spelling the word with a big S. In the drawing-rooms of Madame Doubelt, the Princess Bariatski, the Countess Kleinmichel and the rest, the Ambassador is regarded as lukewarm, not because he does not provoke complications with England—for if the familiars of these gatherings were honestly canvassed they would probably be found to be as averse to war as most of us are—but because he does not purvey food for gossip, and whosoever fails in that respect incurs their displeasure.

St. Petersburg Society. Has the English reader really any idea what it means? I fancy not, and if I were to tell him that a goodly number of these *salons* are almost the counterpart of that sketched in "The School for Scandal," he or she would not believe me. In fact, I know they would not. A personal note to that effect. A few years ago I adapted, rather than translated, one of the most remarkable novels of Russian life it has been my lot to come across. The novel was not in Russian, but in French, and by a woman of talent and great observation, who had spent a number of years in Russia, where she had, and has, many friends. Knowing what I did, I heightened the picture of fashionable life a little bit, but to no appreciable extent. Many of the critics and some of the best informed professed themselves unable to believe in the truth of it, especially with regard to the Court gossip.

And yet nothing could have been truer. In Russia the source of all political ideas lies at the imperial palaces, and inasmuch as there is not one drawing-room in St. Petersburg, however modest—of course, I refer to the drawing-rooms of the aristocracy—in which there is not some visitor connected either by blood, marriage, or friendship with the immediate *entourage* of the Emperor, each visitor tries to outdo his or her fellow in giving the most exclusive news.

There is not the slightest necessity to know one or more Ministers in order to be well informed. If anything, such intimate relations are a drawback, for under these

circumstances one feels bound, as it were, to be reticent, lest one should hurt the friend. Besides, Ministers, though here they are not onlookers, but often very hard-worked officials, see least of the political game. There are no Cabinet Councils, consequently intercommunication between Ministers there is practically none. Nor is it necessary to those who make the purveying and dissemination of news the first and foremost amusement of existence. One need only know some pretty and sprightly dame, and luck must go very hard if in the course of the day she have not met with some important functionary whose secret "of the hour" she has not fathomed instinctively or dragged from him by her smiles. As a matter of course, she tells you the affair under the most solemn promise of secrecy; but given the certainty of her doing the same within the next few hours to a dozen of others, one does not feel the smallest scruple in imitating her "discretion."

If the truth were known, it would be found that some



THE LATE CZAR, THE CZARINA, AND H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

From a Photograph taken at Fredensborg, Copenhagen, by Mr. J. Russell, of Baker Street.

of the most important reports of the Ambassadors to the Court of St. Petersburg are largely made up of that gossip—naturally, after having been carefully sifted by the Ambassador. Odd to relate, that gossip generally turns out to be correct. Next to Paris, St. Petersburg is the veriest Tom-Tiddler's ground to the foreign correspondent—provided he have the *entrée* to one or two of these *salons*, which privilege, however, is not easy to obtain.

A report is circulated in Vienna that an Austrian General of high position has been arrested on the charge of having sold plans of fortresses to the Russian Government for a million florins.

A shipwreck off the coast of South Wales, in St. George's Channel, on the night of Oct. 30, caused the loss of twenty-one lives. The steamer *Tormes*, from Malaga to Liverpool, with fruit and wine, struck off the Crow Rock, Linney Head, near Pembroke, and foundered immediately. Of the crew only seven were saved.

The Dover Convict Prison is to be closed. The convicts have been gradually withdrawn until twenty-four only are now left. The prison is unfit for any other purpose, though the land and buildings cost £180,000. It was erected for the convicts to work on the National Harbour which a former Government proposed to construct at Dover.

## ART NOTES.

The Institute of Painters in Oils accords too much space to the professors of mere commonplace to raise the hope that it has any other than purely commercial aims. As a rule, the pictures exhibited display a fair level of technical ability, and some few show even higher qualities. The Vice-President's principal work (344) is a pleasant spring idyll, a trifle overcrowded with detail, but bright and fresh. Mr. J. J. Shannon's "Purple Stocking" (308) is a brilliant excursion into the domain of Dutch child-life. Mr. Hope McLachlan's "Isles of the Sea" (347) is a bold, dashing treatment of the sea under a threatening sky; and Mr. J. Campbell Noble's "Entering Harbour" (456) is a good rendering of moving water and harmonious colouring. Besides these and some half-dozen others, it would be difficult to name any pictures which add in any degree to their painters' already acquired reputation. Mr. Frank Brangwyn's "Trade on the Beach" (17) is a clever but rather heavily coloured bit of Moorish life, of which the dullness is not quite intelligible; and in like manner Mr. Walter Osborne's "Galway Fish-Market" (8) seems needlessly low in tone. Mr. J. L.

Pickering paints the Norfolk Broads without atmosphere, and exaggerates the hardness of outline in which the President, Sir James Linton, sets the example. Mr. E. M. Wimperis' "Carting Gravel" (95), like all his work, is breezy and natural, but there is no novelty in his treatment. Mr. Edgar Bundy's "Love Philtre" (108), one of the most ambitious attempts, is overlaid with stage properties; and Mr. Ernest Parton's "Windermere" is chalky in tone and "trade-marked" by his ever-recurrent silver birches. Mr. Alfred East, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. John R. Reid, Mr. Fred Cotman, Mr. Leslie Thomson, and Mr. Hugh Carter are all represented, but in no very distinctive way. Among the less known names those of Mr. Andrew Ulcoq, Miss Elsie Lloyd, Mr. James S. Hill, Mr. A. J. Foster, Miss Kate Colls, and Mr. Hughes Stanton deserve to be mentioned.

The only original feature of the exhibition is the corner of the East Gallery which by accident or design has become the gathering spot of that school of Impressionists of which Mr. Alexander Harrison is the most distinguished exponent. Born in the United States and trained in Paris, Mr. Harrison gives to the style he adopts an individualism which renders it especially interesting. His three pictures are all sea-shore studies, and he would have us believe that he has seen the purple moonrise (418), the violet morning twilight (434), and the yellow-green day effects (429) which he so boldly depicts. The majority of people will find their impressions more accurately represented in Mr. Alexander Mann's "Sunshine" (424), Mr. Arthur Ellis's "Night" (426), and by Mr. Louis Grier's "Early Morning." Those who care for unconscious humour, as displayed by these apostles of the new art, will find it in Mr. Rupert Bunny's "Nautilus Race" (427) and Mr. W. H. Pope's "Hendon Vale" (433), in both of which Nature has found quaint interpreters.

The collection of posters on view at the Aquarium is a new departure in the way of art exhibitions which deserves every encouragement. It reveals, moreover, that some few amateurs have realised that the value of such a collection a few years hence will be considerable, and that probably there will be as keen a competition for early specimens of the works of Chéret, Lautrec, Grasset, and Villetta as there now is for early wood-cuts and copper etchings. Meanwhile, the designers of modern posters are doing something towards making advertising a trifle less hideous. In this country we are inclined to somewhat prosaic ways of attracting notice to the modes of travelling by land and sea, to the practical results of patent foods, or the pastoral sources of tinned milk. Now and then a Fred Walker designs a "Woman in White," a Dudley Hardy a "Gaiety Girl," but as a rule our advertisements aim rather at attracting the eye than at arresting the attention. Some of the better French painters succeed admirably in obtaining both results, and at the same time display a real talent of design which cannot be better used in educating the public eye, as, for example, Lautrec's rendering of Caudieux, the café-chantant singer, Grasset's Sarah Bernhardt as Jeanne d'Arc, and his poster for the Odéon Theatre. In point of design, we must award the palm to our neighbours, but the colours in which the designs are printed are far more brilliant and varied in the English posters, and prove that if our artists would boldly try their draughtsmanship by the severe test imposed by such work, it would not be difficult to support their efforts by effective colouring.



**SUGGESTION** for new **SIGNAL** to be used in the Royal Navy, where so much pride is taken to have everything spick-and-span—

"Use '**SELVYT**,' the new Polishing Cloth, for polishing, burnishing, and brightening all Metal-Work, Guns, Brasses, Hand-Rails, Swords, Accoutrements, Glass, China, Plate, in fact, everything that should be bright and clean, with a highly polished surface."



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"**SELVYT**" (by Royal Letters Patent) is a wonderful cloth, purposely made for polishing and dusting. It takes the place of chamois, wash-leather, and all other dusters; never becomes greasy; as good as new when washed. Is made in squares of various sizes, and sold hemmed ready for use.

"**SELVYT**" Polishing Cloths should be supplied to every household servant, from the butler to the cook, not forgetting the valet, the coachman, and the groom, to all, in fact, who have the care of bright and polished surfaces. Every lady should see that her servants use them.

Sold by leading Drapers, Upholsterers, Stores, Ironmongers, Chemists, Grocers, Oilmen, &c., throughout the Kingdom.

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N.B.—If any difficulty in obtaining "**SELVYT**" Polishing Cloths, please write to any of the Wholesale Agents, who will forward the names of nearest retailers having goods in stock.

N.B.—The word "**SELVYT**" is registered as a Trade-Mark in all Countries.



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1853

MOSCOW 1863

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